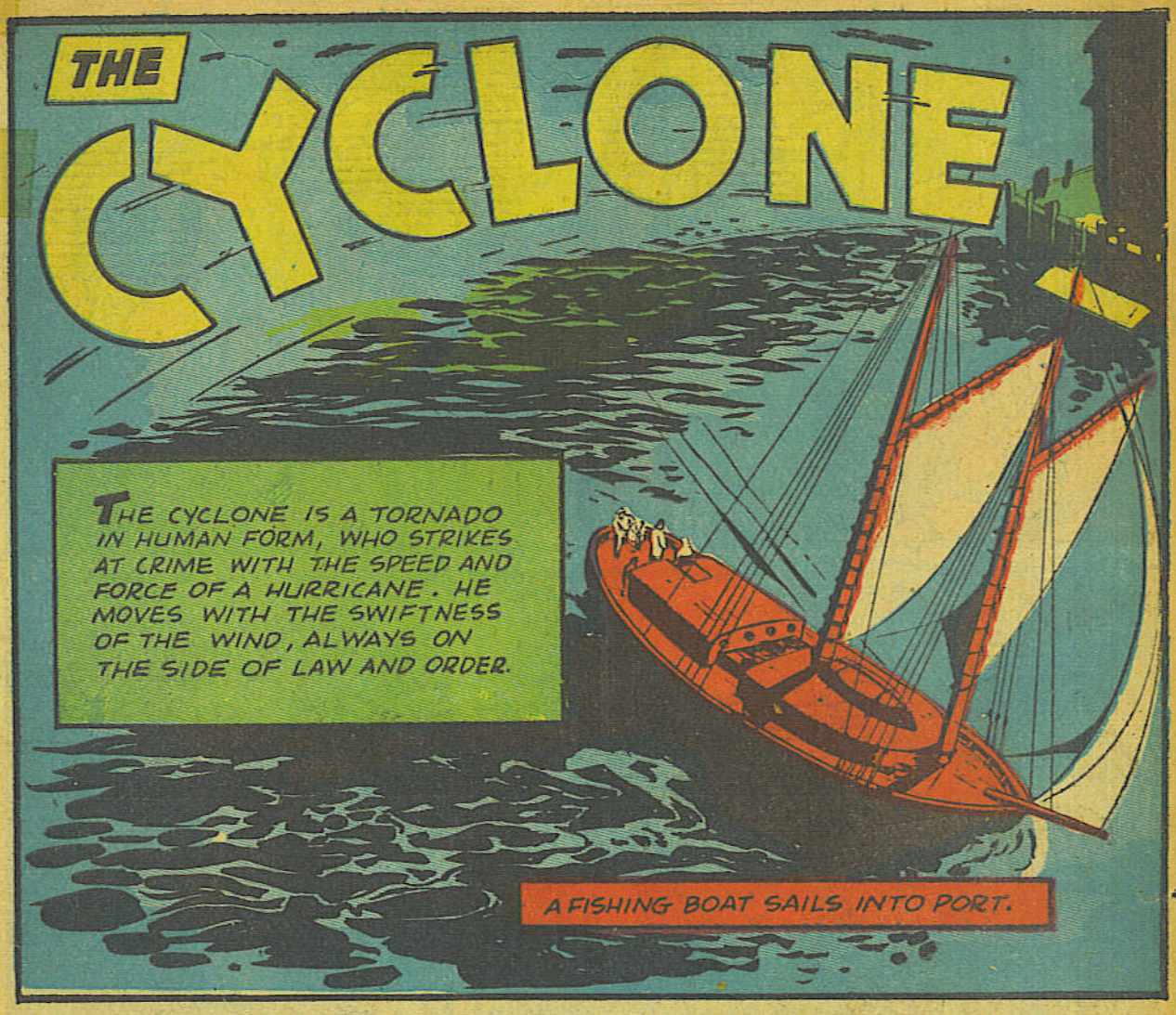
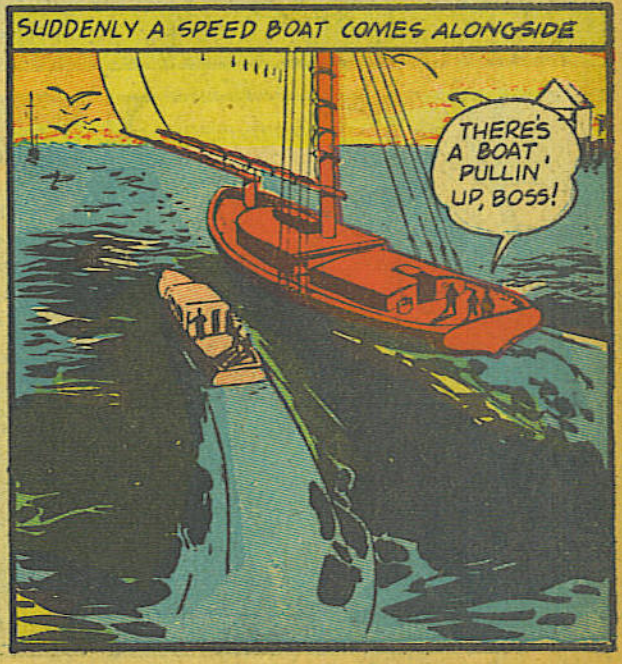

THE CYCLONE
THE CYCLONE IS A TORNADO IN HUMAN FORM, WHO STRIKES AT CRIME WITH THE SPEED AND FORCE OF A HURRICANE. HE MOVES WITH THE SWIFTNESS OF THE WIND, ALWAYS ON THE SIDE OF LAW AND ORDER.
A FISHING BOAT SAILS INTO PORT.

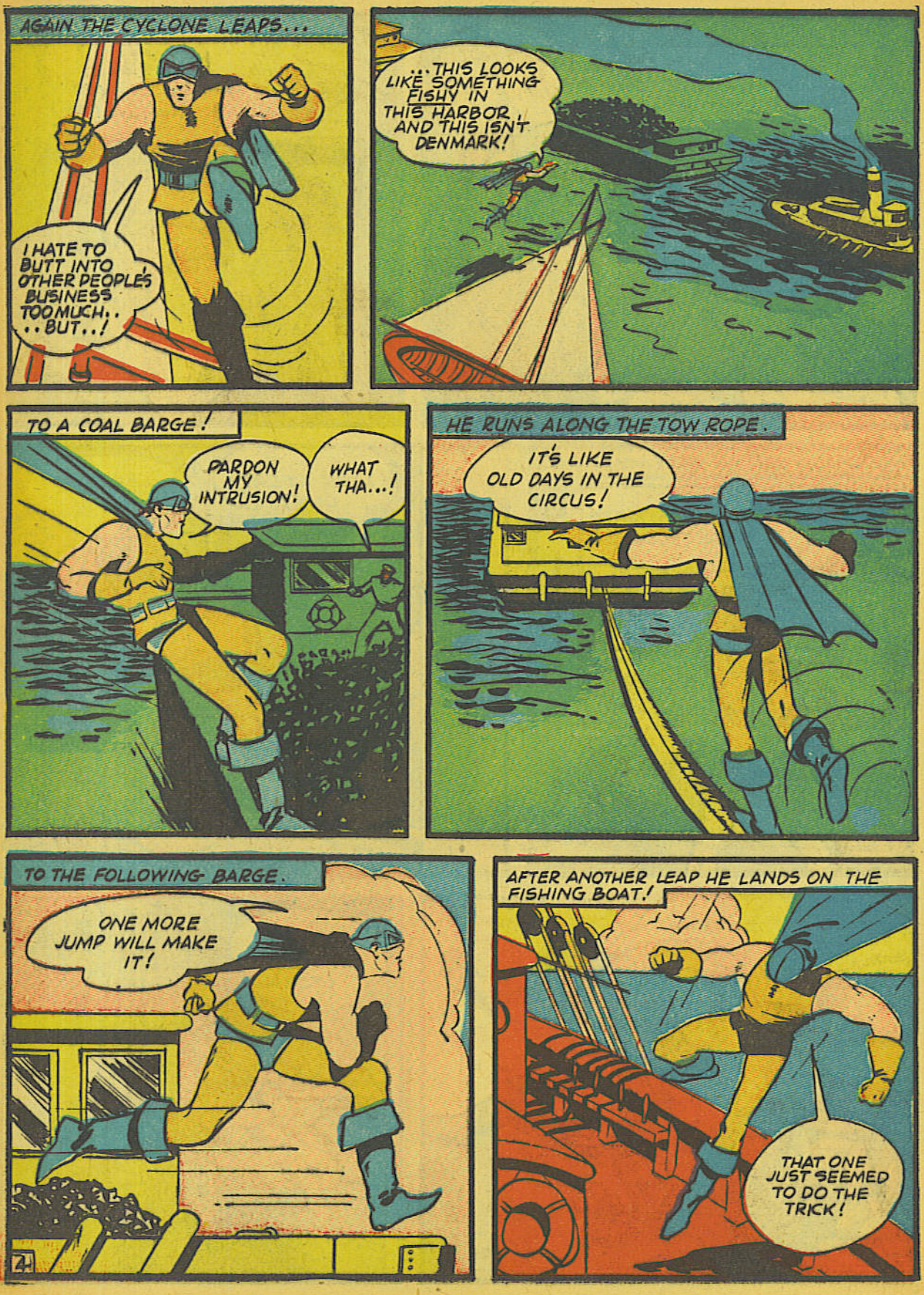

WE MADE A GOOD HAUL THIS TRIP!
YEAH, WE GOT A LOT OF FISH!
1


SUDDENLY A SPEED BOAT COMES ALONGSIDE
THERE'S A BOAT, PULLIN' UP, BOSS!

WEBCOMIC UNIVERSE.COM


IT'S THE MUGS MULLIN'S MOB. THEY'RE GANGSTERS!
WONDER WHAT THEY WANT WITH US!
I'M MUGS MULLINS!
GANGWAY!, WE'RE COMIN ABOARD.
WE'RE THE FISHERMEN'S PROTECTIVE COMMITTEE. PAY US $500... OR YOU LAND NO FISH!
WE'LL NEVER PAY YOU HOODLUMS A CENT! NOW GET OFF MY BOAT!
THEN TAKE THAT!
CRACK!
YOU GUY'S BETTER PAY CLOSER ATTENTION TO THE BOSS WHEN HE SPEAKS!
SMACK!
SMASH 'EM MUGS!
YOU WATER RAT!
2


AT THAT MOMENT PETER BLAKE IS BUYING FISH
I WANT FIVE POUNDS OF HADDOCK.... WHAT'S ALL THAT NOISE IN THE HARBOR?
!?
15¢ LB
OH! JUST A FIGHT ON A FISHING BOAT. THOSE DUMB FISHERMEN ARE ALWAYS FIGHTING!
PETER SLIPS INTO AN ALLEY AND BECOMES,
I'LL INVESTIGATE ... AS THE CYCLONE!
..AND SEE WHAT THIS ARGUMENT SEEMS TO BE ABOUT!
HE MAKES A MAD DASH TO THE END OF THE WHARF AND...!
LOOK AT DAT GUY!
GEE! SOME SPEED!
LOOKS LIKE IT'LL BE A LITTLE JUMP!
BAIT
BOATS TO RE
I MUST REACH THE MIDDLE OF THE HARBOR!
THIS IS MY FIRST STOP!
3


AGAIN THE CYCLONE LEAPS...
I HATE TO BUTT INTO OTHER PEOPLES BUSINESS TOOMUCH.. ..BUT..!
...THIS LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING FISHY IN THIS HARBOR, AND THIS ISN'T DENMARK!
TO A COAL BARGE!
PARDON MY INTRUSION!
WHAT THA...!
HE RUNS ALONG THE TOW ROPE.
IT'S LIKE OLD DAYS IN THE CIRCUS!
TO THE FOLLOWING BARGE.
ONE MORE JUMP WILL MAKE IT!
AFTER ANOTHER LEAP HE LANDS ON THE FISHING BOAT!
THAT ONE JUST SEEMED TO DO THE TRICK!
24


WHO ASKED YOU TO BUTT IN... I'M THE BOSS HERE!
HE'S NOT! HE'S A RACKETEER!
THOUGHT SOMEONE MIGHT NEED SOME ASSIST-ANCE!

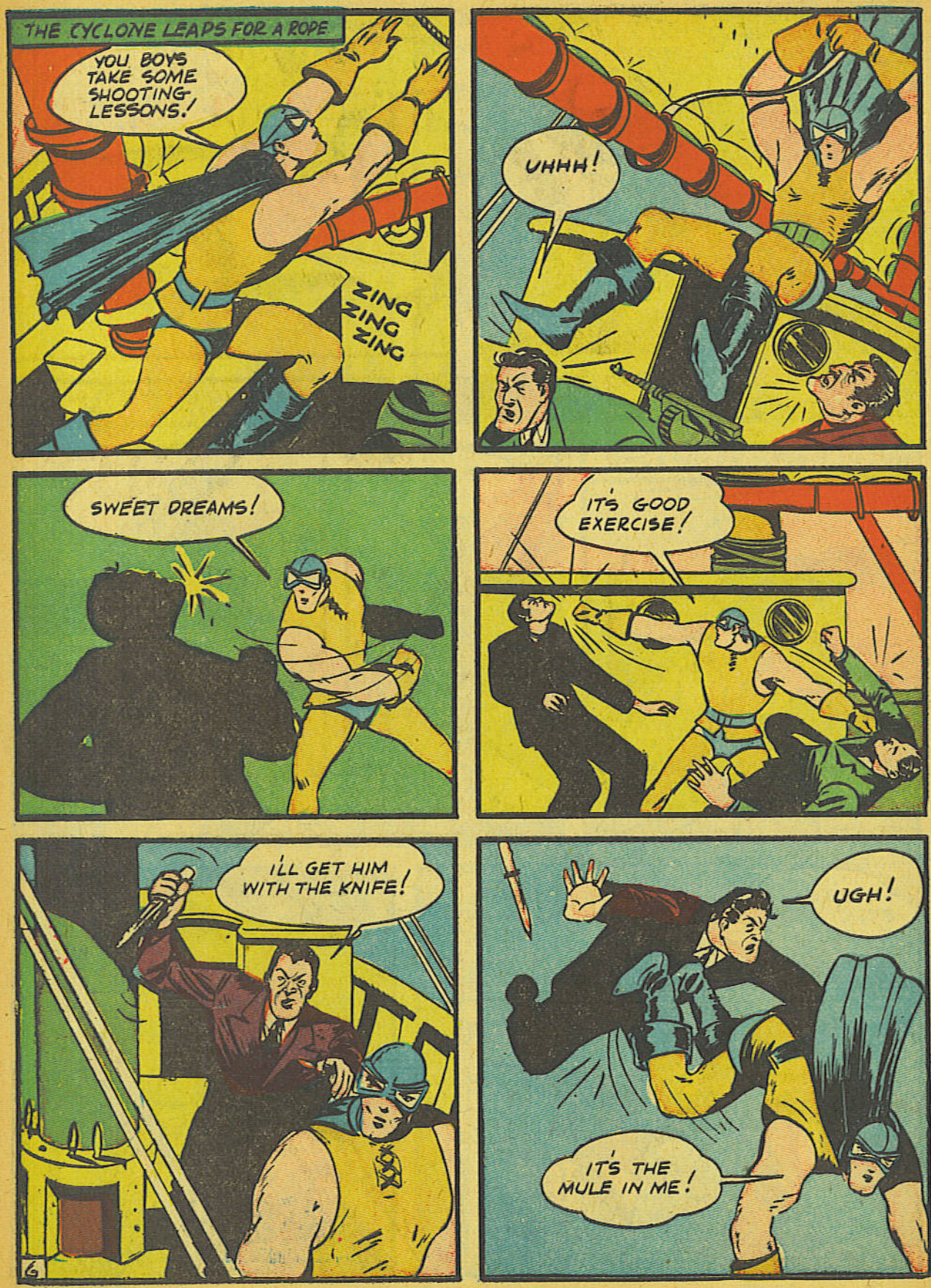

WHY YOU...! BIG MOUTHED..!
?


THE CYCLONE REACHES FOR A FISH.

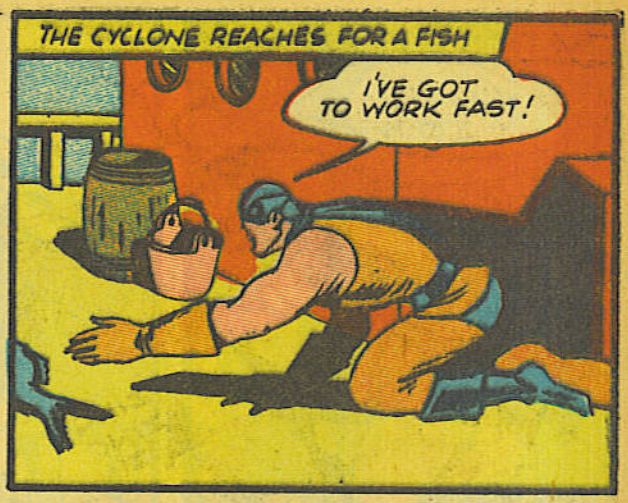

LEAVE HIM ALONE!
WACK


IT'S AN INSULT TO THE BOSS!
SHOOT THE WISE GUY!
WE'LL MOW HIM DOWN!

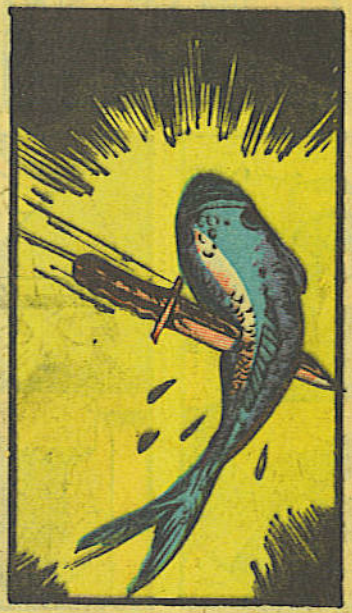

RAT TAT TAT

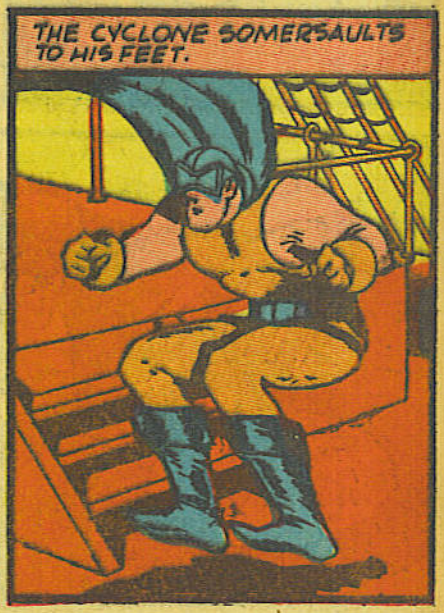

THE CYCLONE LEAPS FOR A ROPE
YOU BOYS TAKE SOME SHOOTING LESSONS!
ZING ZING ZING
UHHH!
SWEET DREAMS!
IT'S GOOD EXERCISE!
I'LL GET HIM WITH THE KNIFE!
UGH!
IT'S THE MULE IN ME!
6


NOW'S MY CHANCE TO PIN HIM TO THE DECK!


THE CYCLONE REACHES FOR A FISH
I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST!

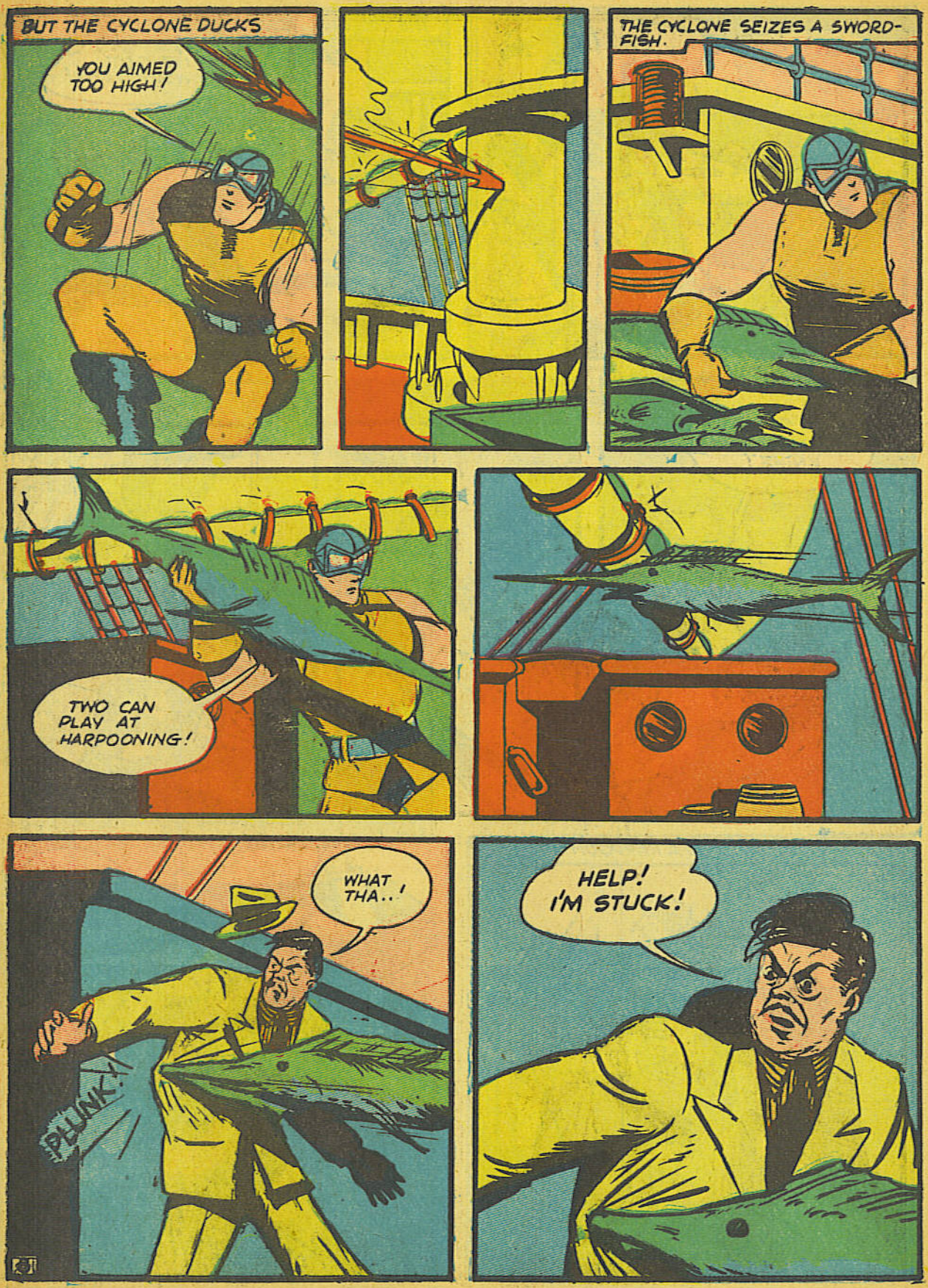

THIS SHOULD STOP THAT KNIFE!



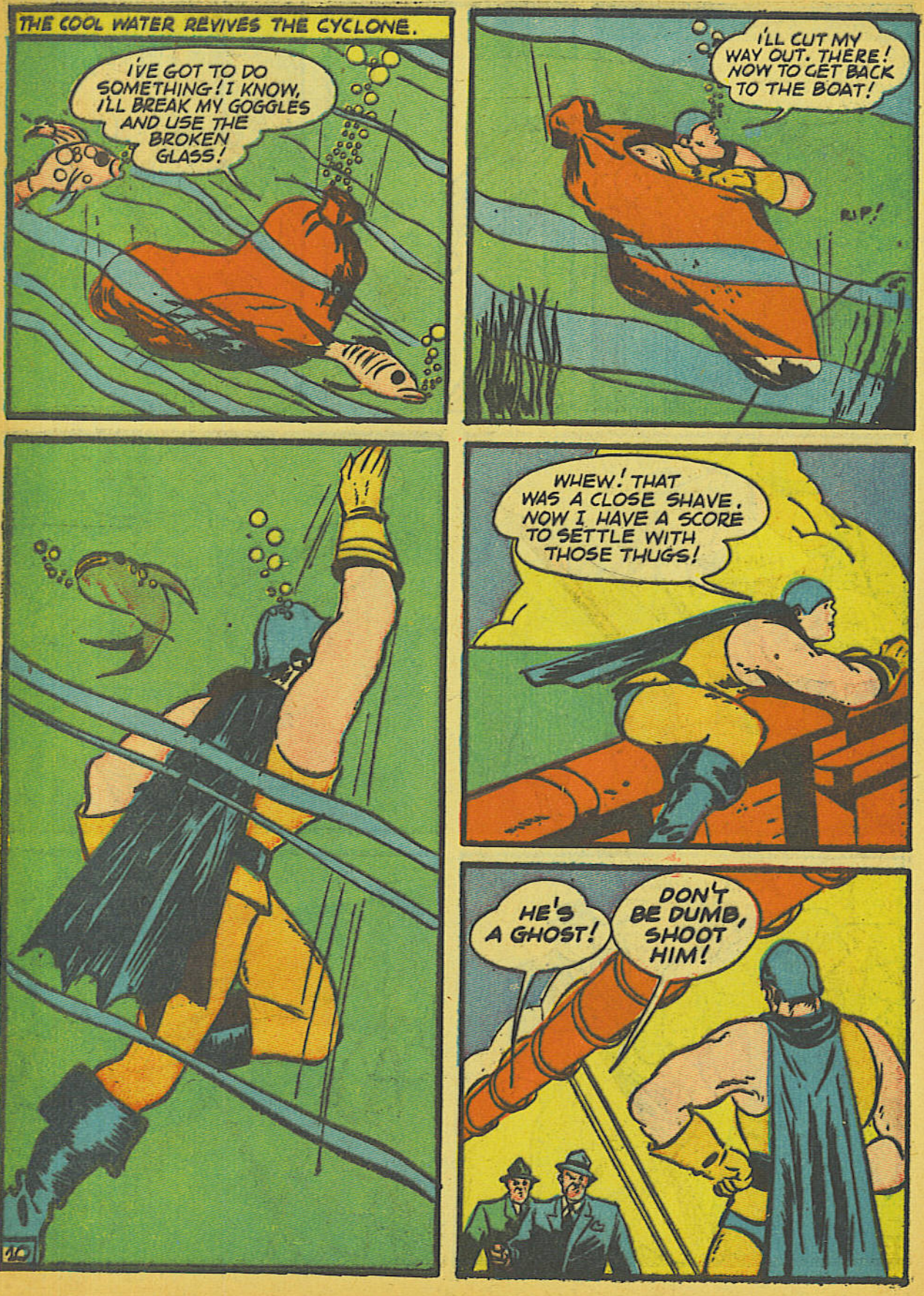

THE CYCLONE SOMERSAULTS TO HIS FEET.

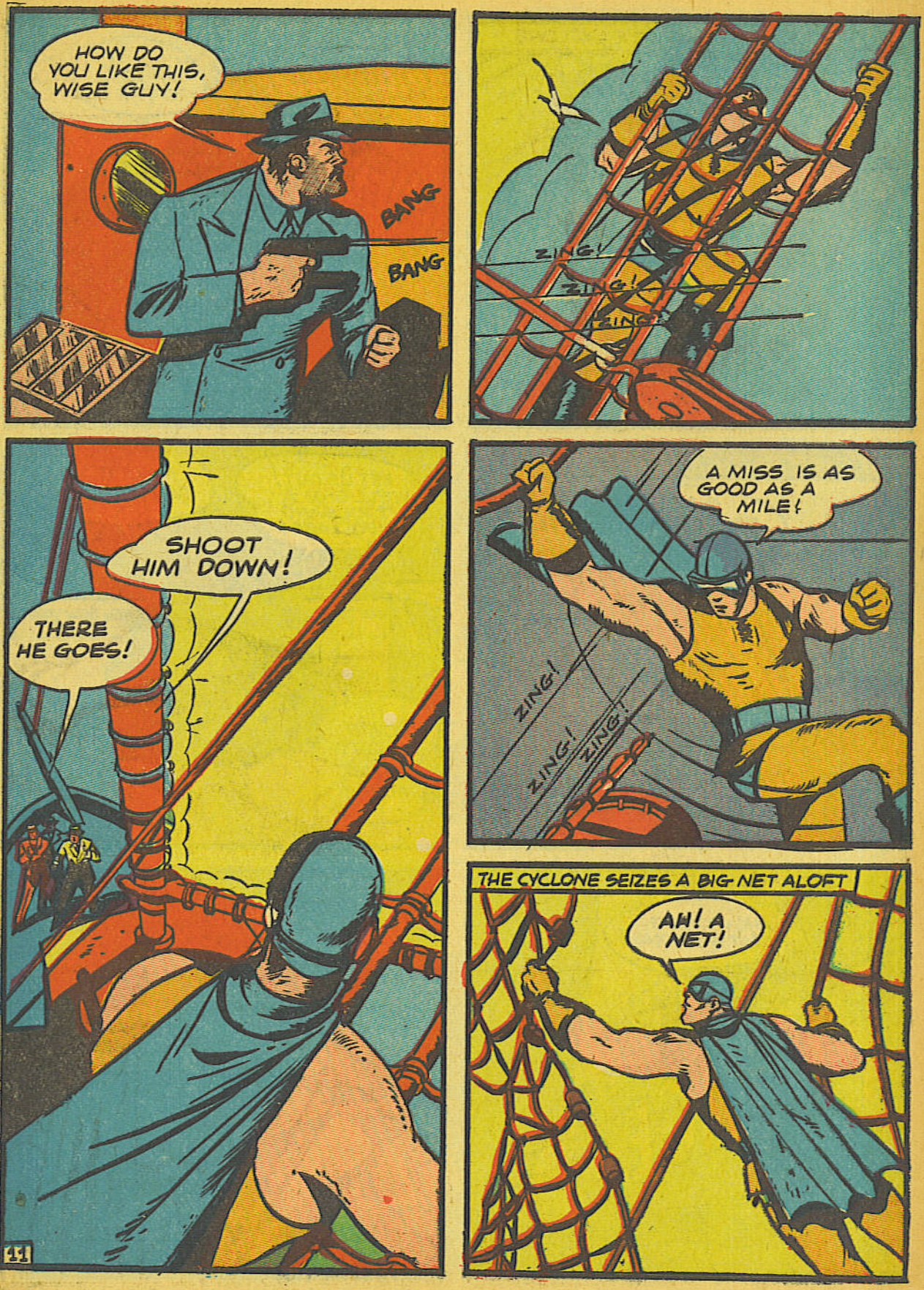

MUGS MULLINS SIEZES A HARPOON
HERE'S A HANDY THING!
7

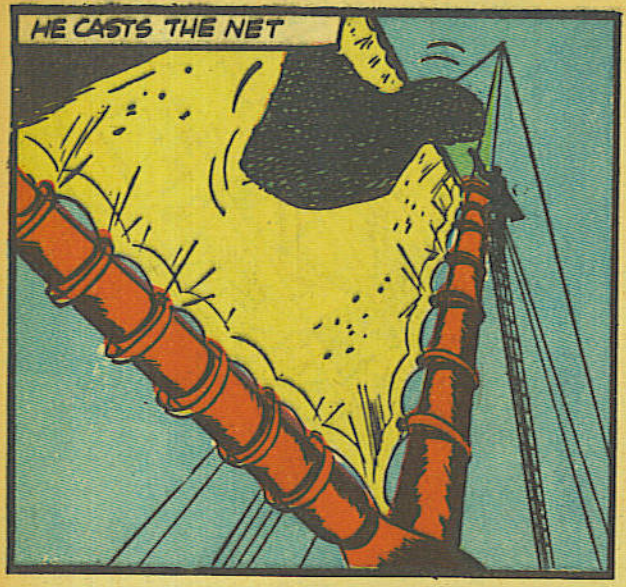

I'LL HARPOON HIM LIKE A WHALE!

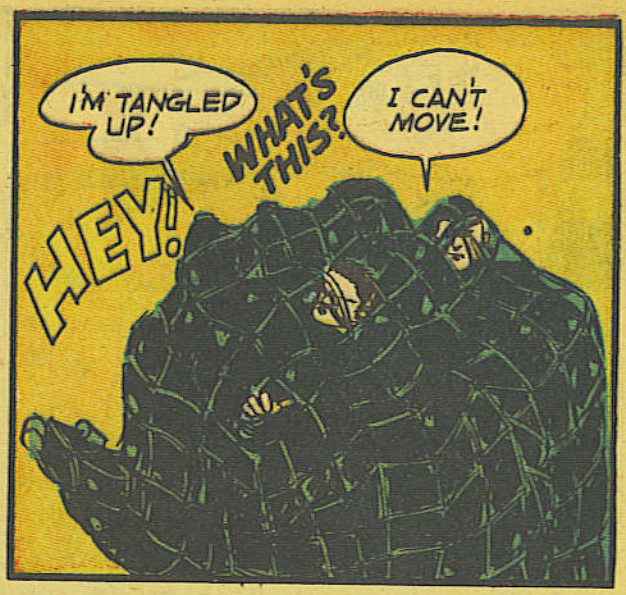

BUT THE CYCLONE DUCKS
YOU AIMED TOO HIGH!
THE CYCLONE SEIZES A SWORD-FISH.
TWO CAN PLAY AT HARPOONING!
WHAT THA..!
PLUNK!
HELP! I'M STUCK!

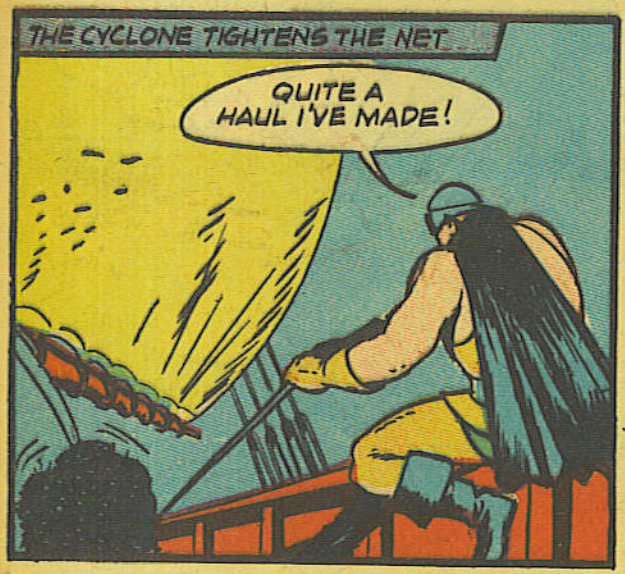

MEANWHILE, JUST ABOVE THE CYCLONE
HE'S RIGHT UNDER ME NOW. HE WON'T GET AWAY THIS TIME
SMASH!
HE'S OUT COLD BOSS, LETS TIE HIM UP IN A BAG!
AND THROW HIM TO DE FISHES? IT'S A GREAT IDEA!
TIE HIM UP TIGHT!
GOOD RIDDANCE!
9

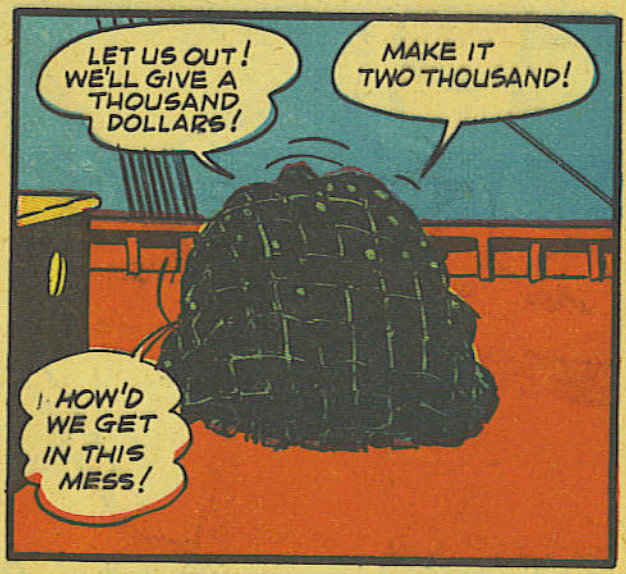

THE COOL WATER REVIVES THE CYCLONE.
I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING! I KNOW, I'LL BREAK MY GOGGLES AND USE THE BROKEN GLASS!
I'LL CUT MY WAY OUT. THERE! NOW TO GET BACK TO THE BOAT!
R.I.P.!
WHEW! THAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE. NOW I HAVE A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH THOSE THUGS!
HE'S A GHOST!
DON'T BE DUMB, SHOOT HIM!


HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS, WISE GUY!
BANG
BANG
ZING!
ZING!
ZING!
A MISS IS AS GOOD AS A MILE!
ZING!
ZING!
ZING!
SHOOT HIM DOWN!
THERE HE GOES!
THE CYCLONE SEIZES A BIG NET ALOFT
AH! A NET!


HE CASTS THE NET

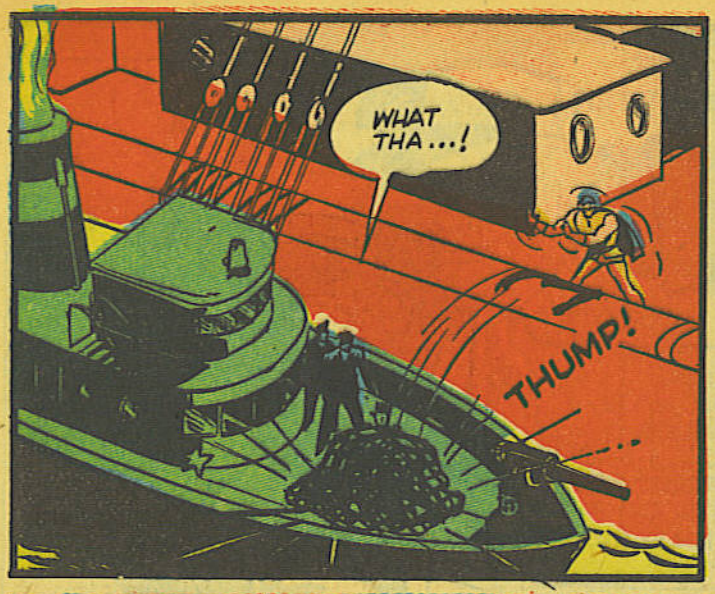

I'M TANGLED UP!
HEY!
WHAT'S THIS?
I CAN'T MOVE!


THE CYCLONE TIGHTENS THE NET.
QUITE A HAUL I'VE MADE!


LET US OUT! WE'LL GIVE A THOUSAND DOLLARS!
MAKE IT TWO THOUSAND!
HOW'D WE GET IN THIS MESS!

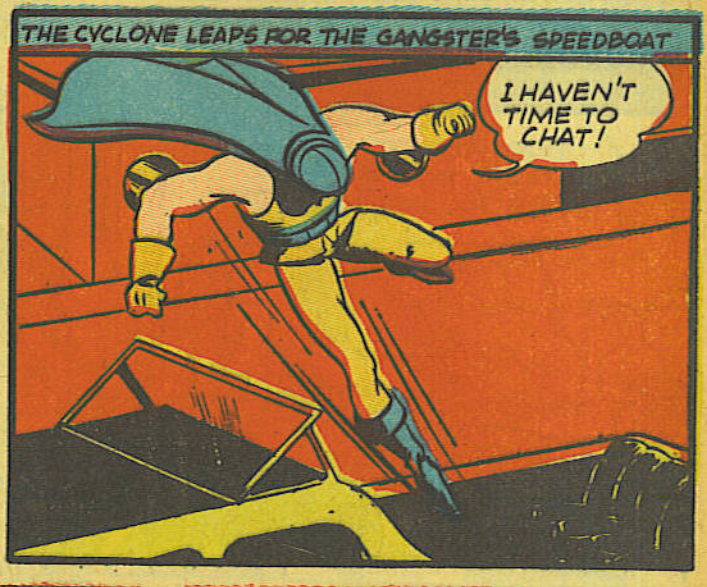

THE HARBOR POLICE ARRIVE.
AHOY THERE, WHAT'S WRONG?
POLICE


GOOD RIDDANCE!


WHAT THA...!
THUMP!


WHY, IT'S MUGS MULLINS AND HIS GANG!
THIS IS THE CYCLONE'S WORK!

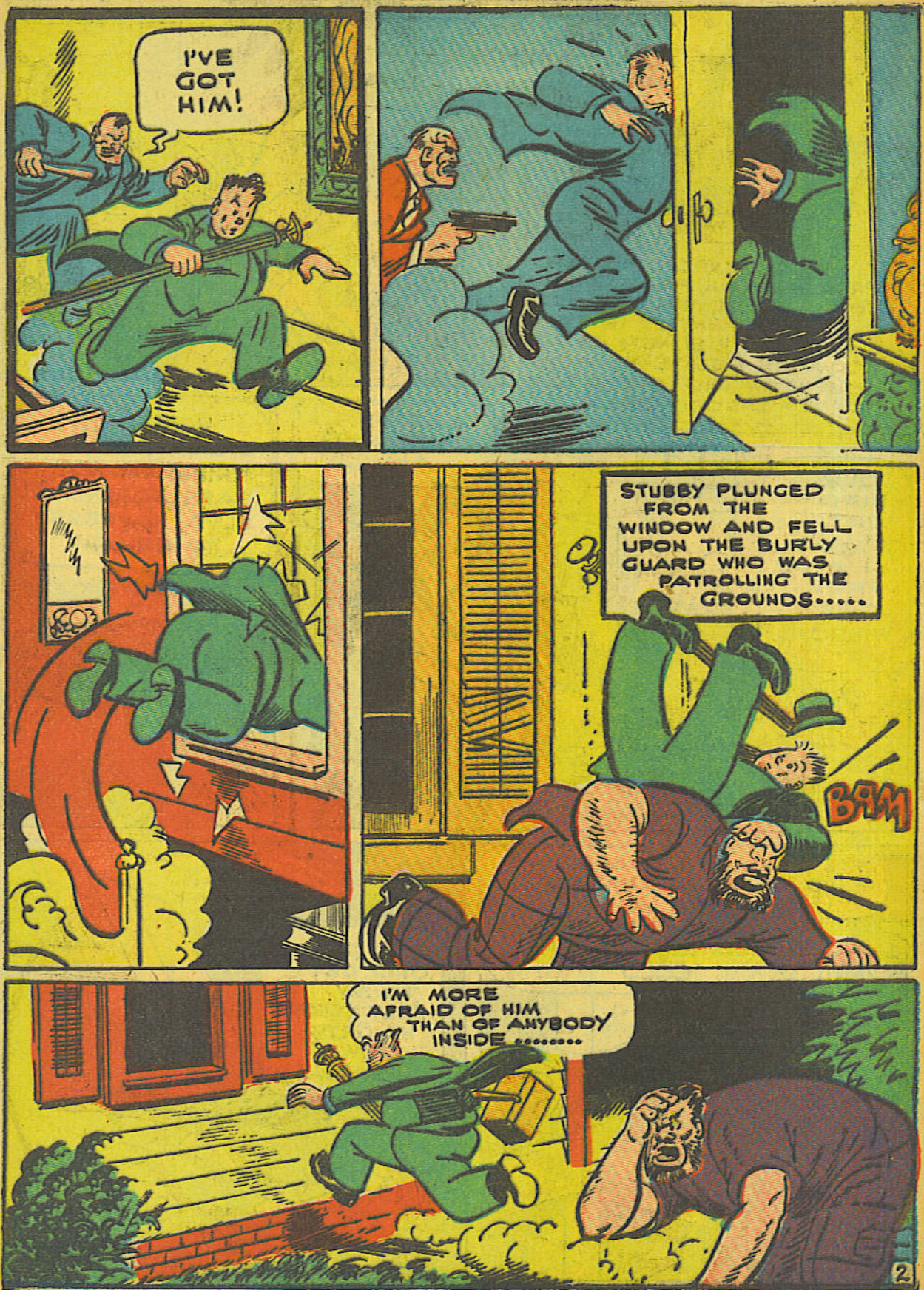

THE POLICE BOARD THE FISHING BOAT
WAIT! WE WANT TO TALK TO YOU!

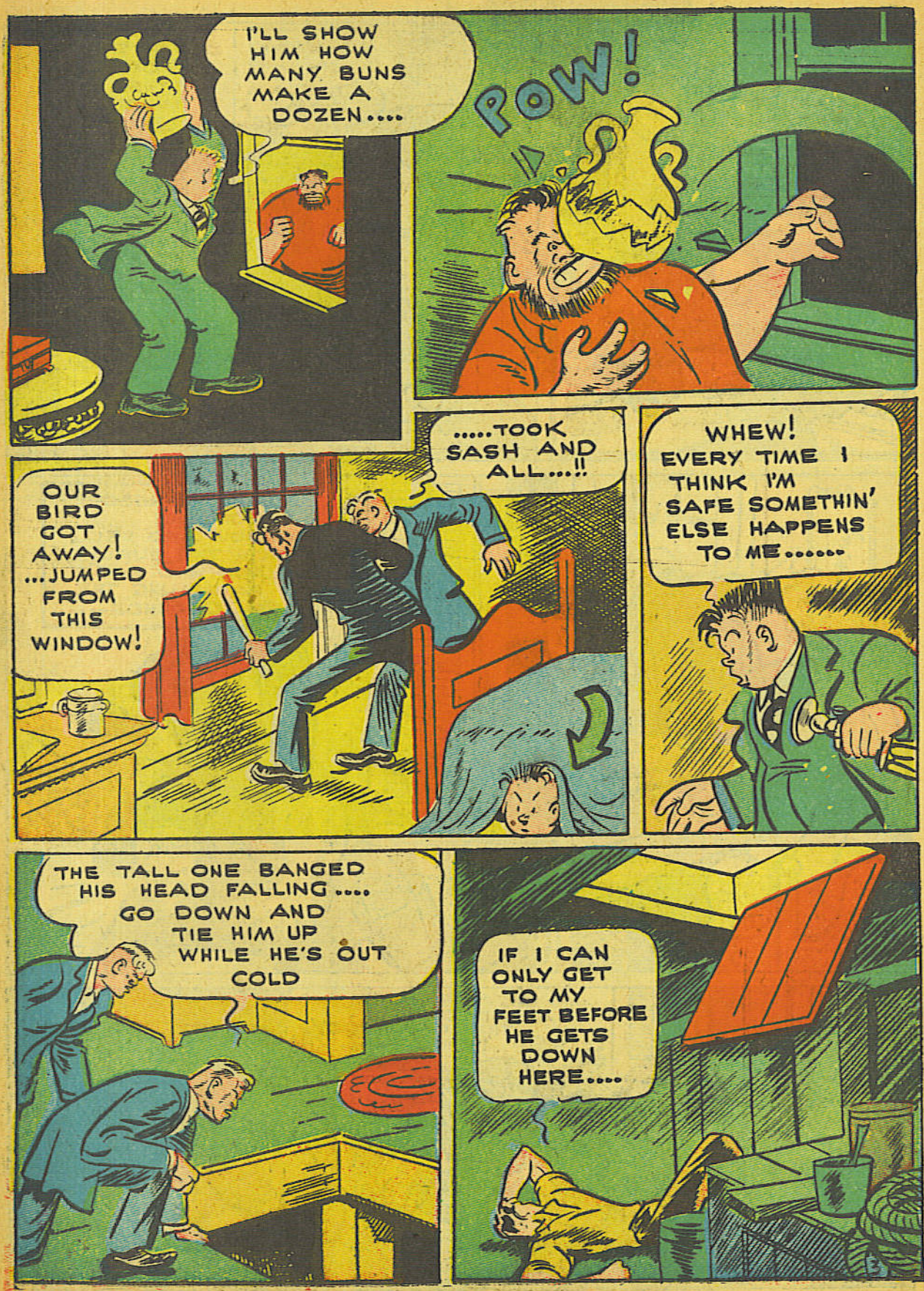

THE CYCLONE LEAPS FOR THE GANGSTER'S SPEEDBOAT
I HAVEN'T TIME TO CHAT!

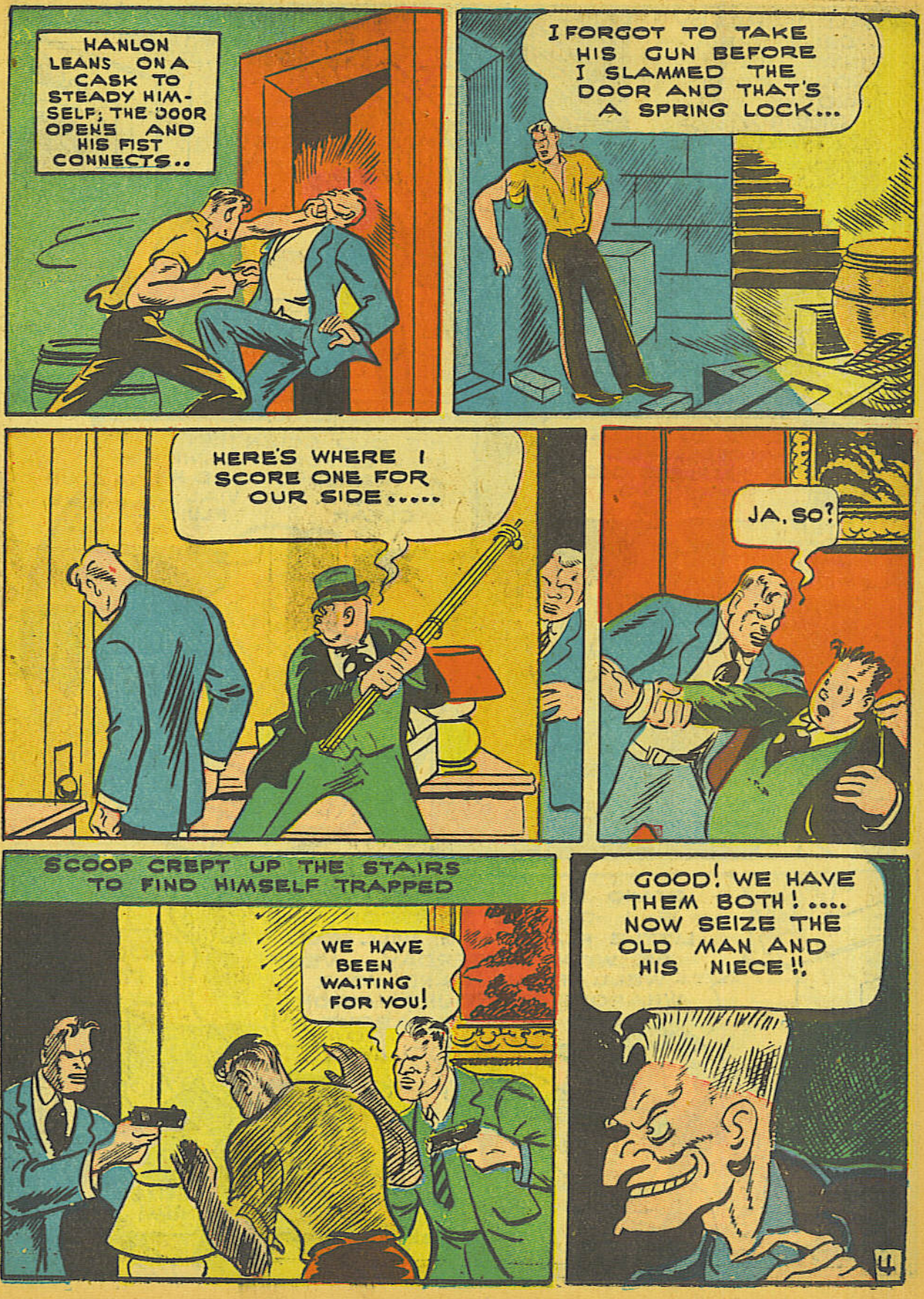

I'LL GET BACK INTO MY STREET CLOTHES FROM THAT ALLEY!
13


A FEW MINUTES LATER
AS I WAS SAYING, I WANT FIVE POUNDS OF HADDOCK!
5¢ LB.
FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF THE CYCLONE IN EACH ISSUE OF WHIRLWIND COMICS!


SCOOP HAWLOW
ACE REPORTER
ASSIGNED TO INTERVIEW PROF. MORDAN, REFUGEE FROM WAR TORN EUROPE, SCOOP DISCOVERS THE SCIENTIST IS BEING HELD A PRISONER ON A REMOTE COUNTRY ESTATE BY AGENTS OF A DICTATOR AND FORCED TO YIELD HIS DISCOVERIES.....
BY A RUSE SCOOP DISARMED THE ENTIRE CREW...
THEY WON'T BOTHER YOU ANY MORE PROFESSOR
SOMETHIN' TELLS ME THIS IS GOIN' TOO SMOOTH!
SUDDENLY A TRAP DOOR OPENED BENEATH SCOOP....
I'LL NAIL THAT FAT ONE.....

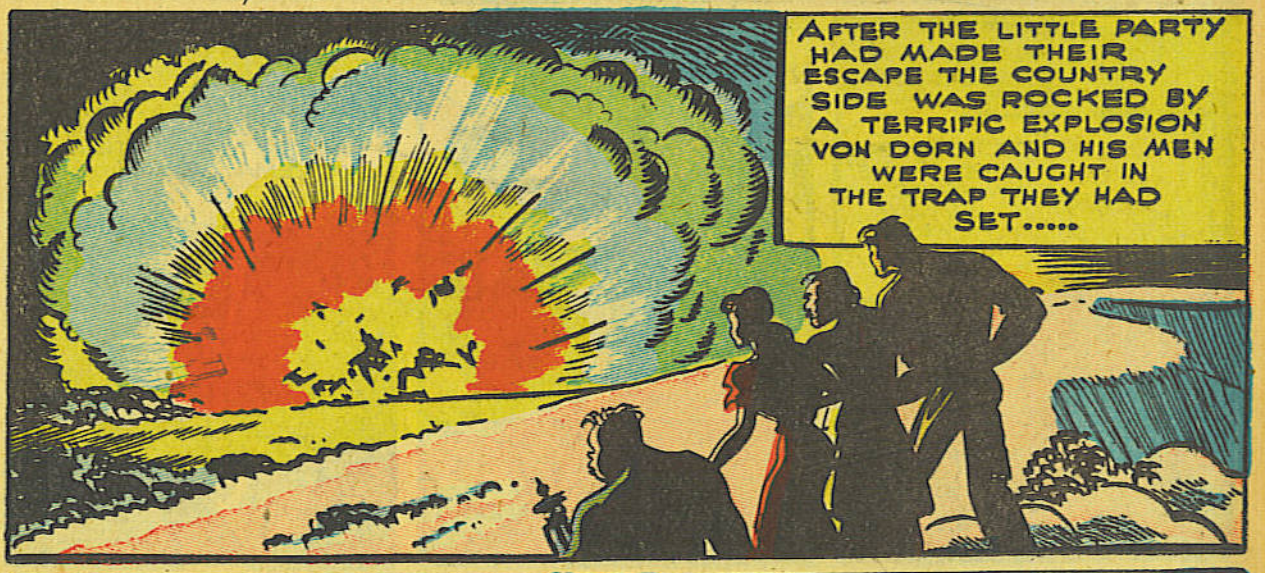

I'VE GOT HIM!
STUBBY PLUNGED FROM THE WINDOW AND FELL UPON THE BURLY GUARD WHO WAS PATROLLING THE GROUNDS.....
BAM
I'M MORE AFRAID OF HIM THAN OF ANYBODY INSIDE.....
2


I'LL SHOW HIM HOW MANY BUNS MAKE A DOZEN....
POW!
OUR BIRD GOT AWAY! ...JUMPED FROM THIS WINDOW!
.....TOOK SASH AND ALL...!!
WHEW! EVERY TIME I THINK I'M SAFE SOMETHIN' ELSE HAPPENS TO ME.....
THE TALL ONE BANGED HIS HEAD FALLING.... GO DOWN AND TIE HIM UP WHILE HE'S OUT COLD
IF I CAN ONLY GET TO MY FEET BEFORE HE GETS DOWN HERE....


HANLON LEANS ON A CASK TO STEADY HIMSELF; THE DOOR OPENS AND HIS FIST CONNECTS..
I FORGOT TO TAKE HIS GUN BEFORE I SLAMMED THE DOOR AND THAT'S A SPRING LOCK...
HERE'S WHERE I SCORE ONE FOR OUR SIDE.....
JA, SO?
SCOOP CREPT UP THE STAIRS TO FIND HIMSELF TRAPPED
WE HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!
GOOD! WE HAVE THEM BOTH!.... NOW SEIZE THE OLD MAN AND HIS NIECE!!
4


ALL IS READY ... DRIVE THEM INTO THE SOUTH ROOM AND WE WILL DESTROY THEM!
JA, MY FRAN— TRY NOW SOME FONNY BUSINESS!
LEAVE MY UNCLE ALONE... HE'S A HELPLESS OLD MAN!
STEP ASIDE ELSA...
THE OLD SCIENTIST STEPPED FORWARD..WITH A TREMBLING HAND HE RAISED A TINY VIAL OF CLEAR FLUID.....
STAND BACK YOU SCOUNDRELS!! IF I CHANCE TO DROP THIS LITTLE FLASK YOU WILL ALL BE WITH YESTERDAY.....VERY WELL THEN, HAND YOUR WEAPONS TO YOUNG HANLON AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT!!
HOLD IT!
SEIZE HIM!
5


YOU WERE HERDING US INTO THAT SIDE ROOM .... GET IN THERE YOURSELVES .... THE WHOLE CREW, AND DON'T TRY TO RUSH THESE GUNS.....


AFTER THE LITTLE PARTY HAD MADE THEIR ESCAPE THE COUNTRY SIDE WAS ROCKED BY A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION VON DORN AND HIS MEN WERE CAUGHT IN THE TRAP THEY HAD SET.....


I'M A LITTLE NERVOUS ....WHAT DID THE PROFESSOR DO WITH THAT LITTLE BOTTLE... IF HE'D DROP IT .... IT'D BE GOOD NIGHT!! ASK HIM ABOUT IT.....


I'M AFRAID THAT I PRACTICED A BIT OF DECEPTION ON THOSE SCOUNDRELS... THIS LITTLE VIAL CONTAINS ONLY AN OUNCE OF DISTILLED WATER.....
ANOTHER ADVENTURE OF SCOOP HANLON IN OUR NEXT ISSUE..

WINGS BORDON

KNOWN AS AMERICA'S ACE OF THE AIRWAYS IS WINGS BORDON, TEST PILOT FOR THE U.S. ARMY.
WINGS IS CONTINUALLY THE TARGET FOR FOREIGN POWERS' INTEREST IN AMERICAN AVIATION. BY FAIR MEANS OR FOUL THEY ARE ON HIS TRAIL. WE FIND HIM RECEIVING INSTRUCTIONS FROM COL. KNOX WHILE HAVING HIS CHEST BOUND TO RESIST AIR PRESSURE.

THIS BANTAM IS THE LIGHTEST FIGHTING SHIP EVER PRODUCED BY THE ARMY. I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU WHAT SIGNIFICANCE IS ATTACHED TO IT, WINGS!

I UNDERSTAND COLONEL!

MEANWHILE, THE MECHANICS GIVE THE PLANE A LAST MINUTE TUNE-UP.

SHE LOOKS SWEET AND ROSY T'ME! SWING 'ER 'ROUND NOW AND WE'LL TRY IT OUT!

I'VE MADE ALL THE ARRANGEMENTS, L-17! YOUR ORDERS WILL BE CARRIED OUT!

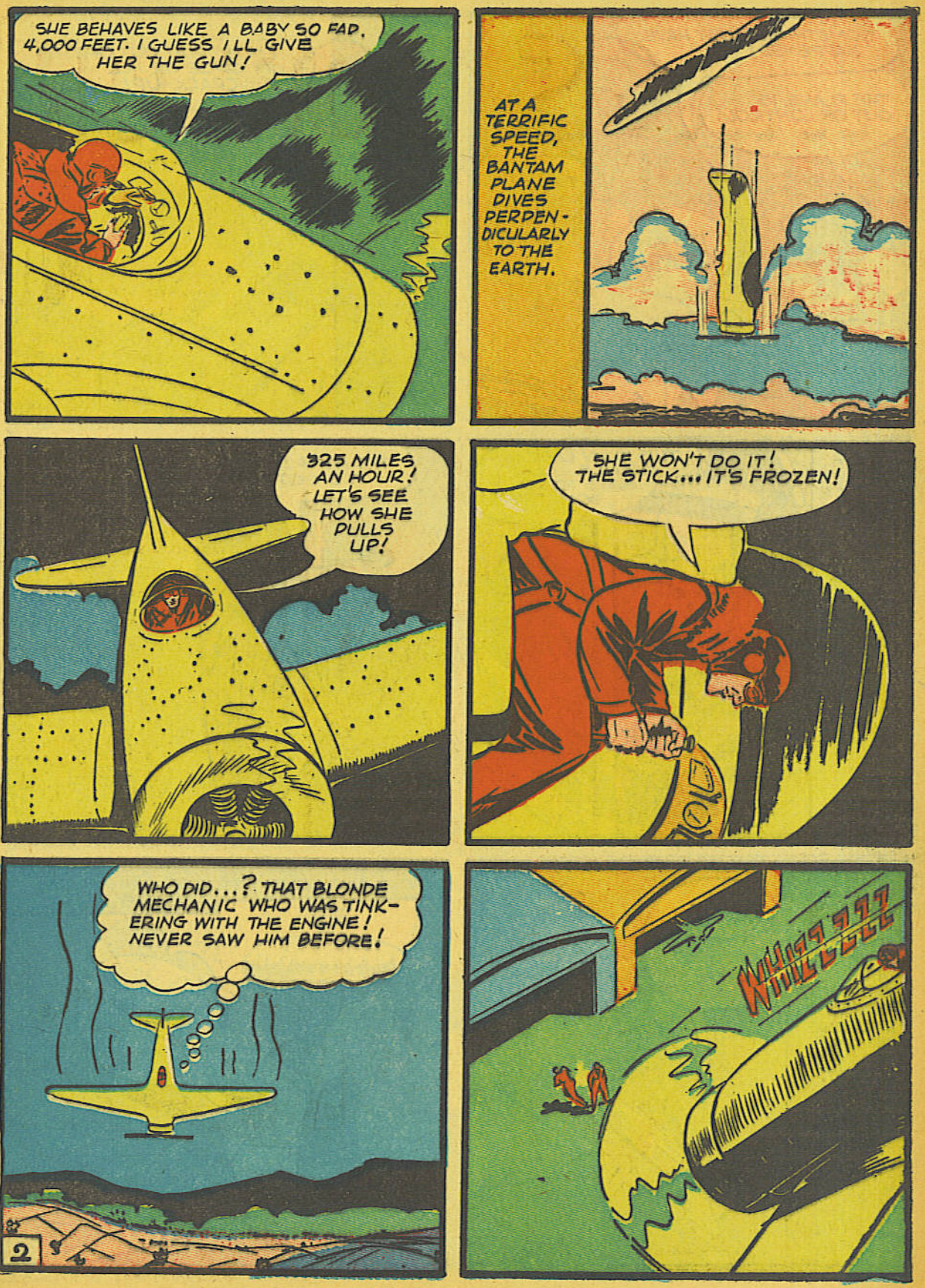
AND THE BANTAM TAKES OFF... MEANWHILE, THEIR OPERATIONS ARE BEING OBSERVED BY A MYSTERIOUS L.I.T. AND HIS HENCHMEN.

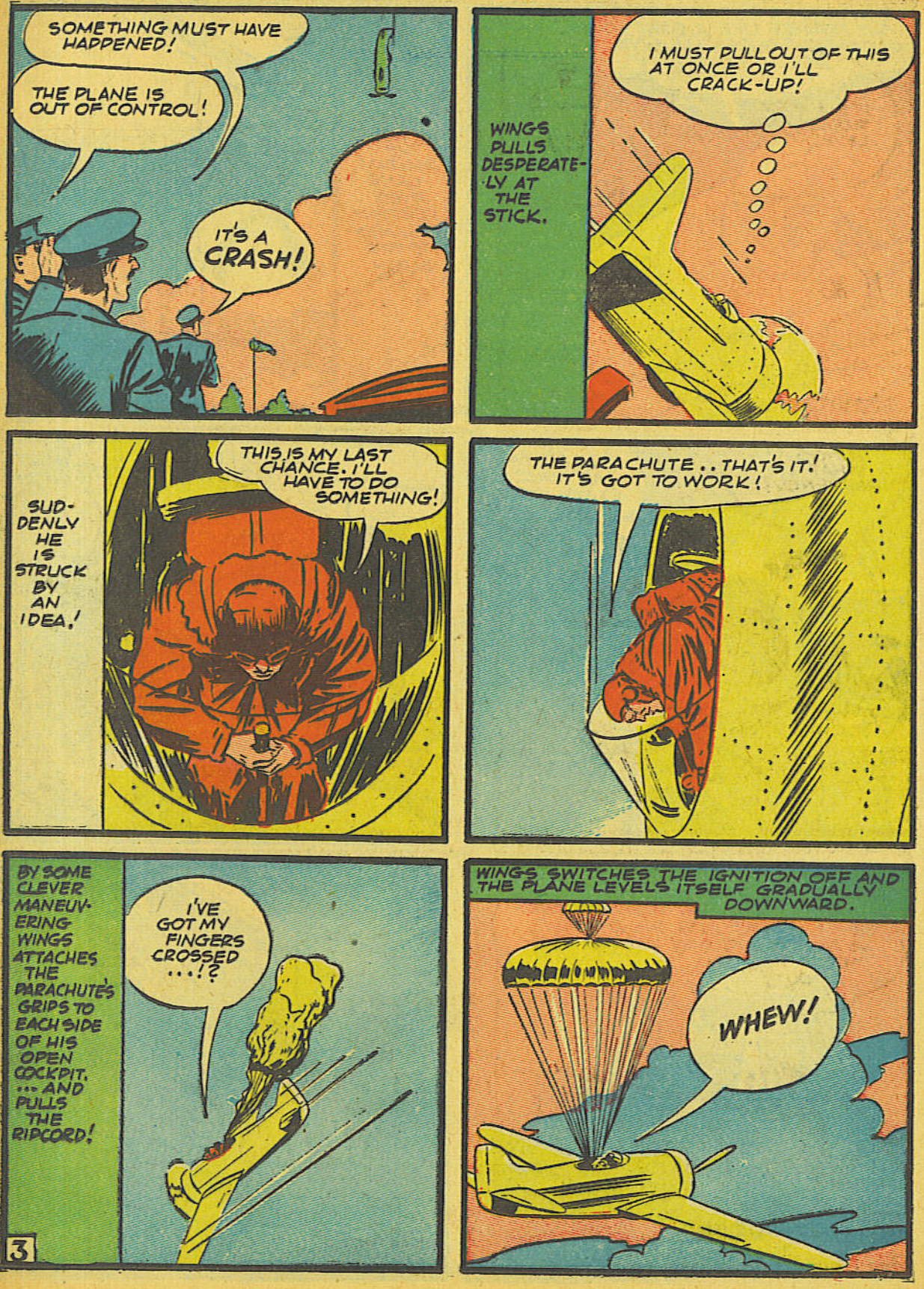
WINGS BORDON MUST BE DESTROYED. HE HAS INTERFERED WITH OUR PLANS TOO LONG. HE IS TOO VALUABLE AN ASSET TO HIS NATION TO REMAIN ALIVE!

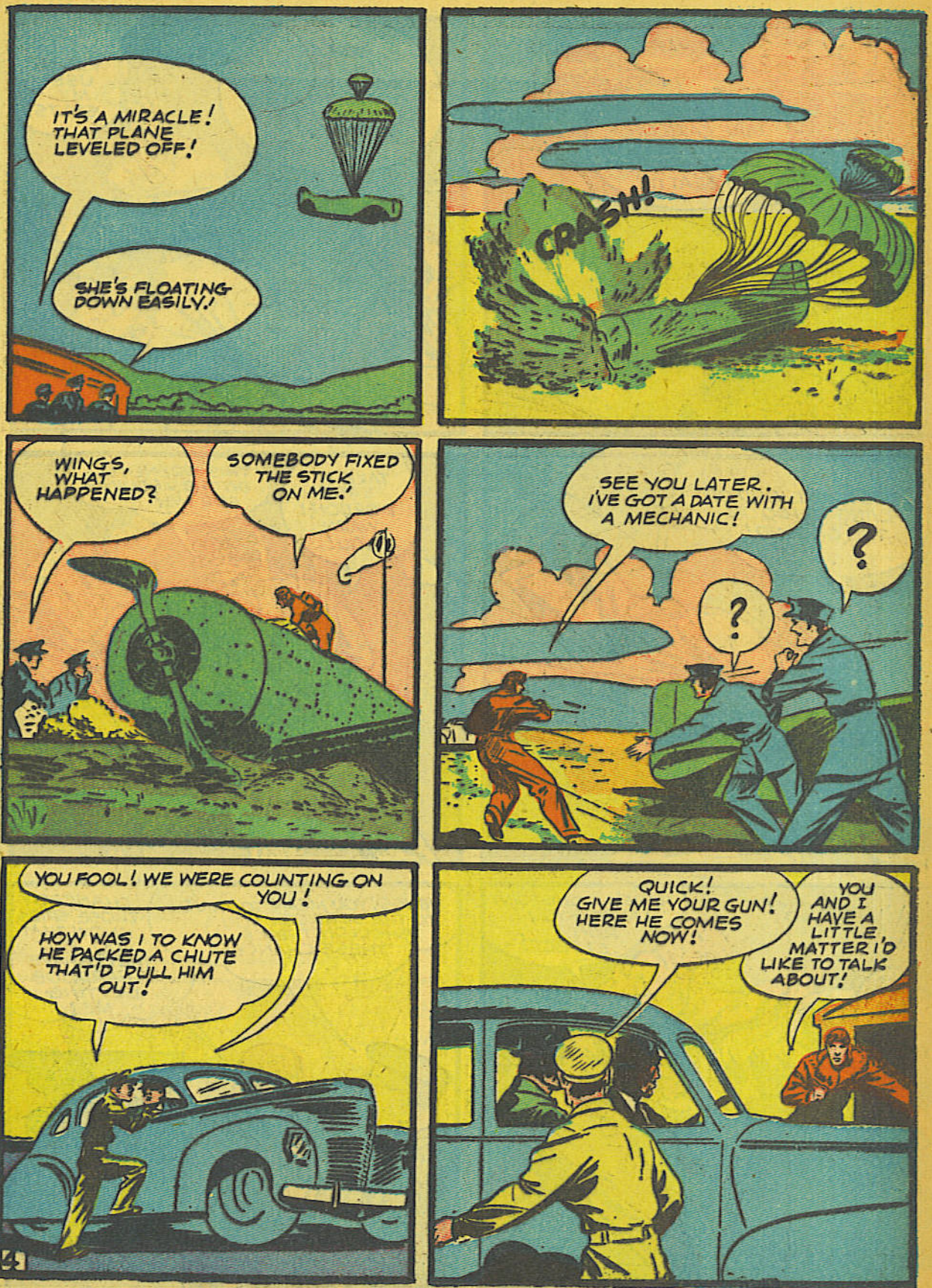
WISH ME LUCK, COLONEL!

I WISH YOU MORE THAN THAT, MY BOY. GIVE'R EVERYTHING! THIS IS A CRUCIAL TEST!

AND THE BANTAM PLANE TAKES OFF.


SHE BEHAVES LIKE A BABY SO FAR. 4,000 FEET. I GUESS I'LL GIVE HER THE GUN!
AT A TERRIFIC SPEED, THE BANTAM PLANE DIVES PERPENDICULARLY TO THE EARTH.
325 MILES AN HOUR! LET'S SEE HOW SHE PULLS UP!
SHE WON'T DO IT! THE STICK... IT'S FROZEN!
WHO DID...? THAT BLONDE MECHANIC WHO WAS TINKERING WITH THE ENGINE! NEVER SAW HIM BEFORE!
WHIRRRR
2


SOMETHING MUST HAVE HAPPENED!
THE PLANE IS OUT OF CONTROL!
IT'S A CRASH!
WINGS PULLS DESPERATELY AT THE STICK.
I MUST PULL OUT OF THIS AT ONCE OR I'LL CRACK-UP!
SUDDENLY HE IS STRUCK BY AN IDEA!
THIS IS MY LAST CHANCE. I'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING!
THE PARACHUTE.. THAT'S IT! IT'S GOT TO WORK!
BY SOME CLEVER MANEUVERING WINGS ATTACHES THE PARACHUTE'S GRIPS TO EACH SIDE OF HIS OPEN COCKPIT, ... AND PULLS THE RIPCORD!
I'VE GOT MY FINGERS CROSSED ...!?
WINGS SWITCHES THE IGNITION OFF AND THE PLANE LEVELS ITSELF GRADUALLY DOWNWARD.
WHEW!
3


IT'S A MIRACLE! THAT PLANE LEVELED OFF!
SHE'S FLOATING DOWN EASILY!
CRASH!
WINGS, WHAT HAPPENED?
SOMEBODY FIXED THE STICK ON ME.
SEE YOU LATER. I'VE GOT A DATE WITH A MECHANIC!
?
?
YOU FOOL! WE WERE COUNTING ON YOU!
HOW WAS I TO KNOW HE PACKED A CHUTE THAT'D PULL HIM OUT!
QUICK! GIVE ME YOUR GUN! HERE HE COMES NOW!
YOU AND I HAVE A LITTLE MATTER I'D LIKE TO TALK ABOUT!


YOU BETTER TAKE CARE OF THAT YOURSELF! WE'RE GOING TO BEAT IT!
BRRRRR
MAY AS WELL STOP BECAUSE I'M GOING TO CATCH UP TO YOU ANYWAYS!
NOT WHILE I CAN USE MY STILTS!
THIS IS ONE KIND OF FLYING YOU DO ON THE GROUND!
TAKE IT EASY BORDON, I WARN YOU!
THIS WRENCH'LL DO THE ARGUING FOR ME!
CRACK!
HERE'S A ONE-POINT LANDING YOU DIDN'T EXPECT!
WINGS! YOU MEAN TOO MUCH TO THE SERVICE. YOU SHOULDN'T TAKE THESE CHANCES!
CHANCES? THOSE SPIES KNOW THAT TOO. BUT THEY'LL HAVE A HARD JOB GETTING ME!
READ ANOTHER THRILLING ADVENTURE OF WINGS BORDON IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF WHIRLWIND COMICS!
5

"SNAPPER" SMITH

ACE CAMERA-MAN

'SNAPPER' SMITH EARNED HIS NICK-NAME BEING ONE OF THE BEST PHOTOGRAPHERS IN THE NEWSPAPER BUSINESS. HIS SCOOPS WERE THE ENVY OF PHOTOGRAPHERS ON RIVAL SHEETS. JUST AS A REPORTER SLOGAN IS "GET THAT STORY!" "SNAPPER'S" WAS "GET THAT PICTURE!" A BETTER LENS-MAN NEVER CLICKED A SHUTTER FOR THE MORNING BLADE.

BANG! BANG!

SNAPPER, THE D.A.'S GOT MIKE NILES IN THE TOMBS ON A MURDER RAP. WE'VE GOT A BIG STORY BREAKING ON THE FRONT PAGE, AND IT WOULD BE A FEATHER IN THE BLADE'S CAP IF YOU CAN GET A PICTURE OF HIM! IF YOU DO, RUSH BACK FOR THE FIVE STAR EDITION!

AND SO SNAPPER ENTERS THE TOMBS, HOPING HE MAY SOMEHOW SUCCESS-FULLY COMPLETE HIS NEW ASSIGN-MENT

BUT I'M TELLING YOU, SNAPPER, NILES DOESN'T WANT TO SEE ANY PHOTOGRAPHERS, HE HATES 'EM!

I'LL CHANGE HIS OPINION. LEAD THE WAY CALLAHAN!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT NOT GETTING THE PICTURE. I HOPE YOU DON'T GET A CRACKED SKULL!

I'VE GOT TO TAKE MY CHANCES. THAT'S WHAT THE BLADE IS PAY-ING ME FOR!


WELL, HERE HE IS. DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YOU!
GET OUT OF HERE! NOBODY'S TAKIN' MY PICTURE, SEE!
BUT MR. NILES, I'M FROM THE D.A.'S OFFICE. WE ONLY HAVE OLD PICTURES OF YOU IN THE FILES AND I'VE BEEN ASSIGNED TO GET SOME NEW ONES OF YOU!
THE D.A.'S OFFICE, HUH! OKAY-OKAY, HOW DO YOU WANT ME TO POSE? MAKE IT SNAPPY, I'M EXPECTING VISITORS!
SUPPOSE WE START WITH A FULL FACE!
THAT'S FINE! NOW SUPPOSE YOU SHOW ME YOUR PROFILE!
HOW'S DIS!
FOR THE LAST SHOT WE'LL HAVE YOU CLUTCHING THE BARS OF YOUR CELL DOOR!
SAY, THAT'S A FUNNY KIND OF A PICTURE FOR THE D.A.!
OH NO! HE APPRECIATES GOOD PHTOGRAPHY. HOLD STILL NOW!


SO LONG, NILES YOU'LL NEVER KNOW HOW MUCH I APPRECIATE THIS!
HEY, AIN'T THAT SNAPPER SMITH THE NEWS-PAPER GUY?
HE MUST HAVE TAKEN THE BOSS' PICTURE. HE DON'T KNOW NEWSPAPER CAMERAMEN!
LET'S TAIL HIM AND FIND OUT!
SNAPPER, UNAWARE THAT HE IS BEING FOLLOWED HURRIES BACK TO THE BLADE'S OFFICE WITH HIS PICTURES.
BOY! WAIT TILL THE BOSS SEES THESE SHOTS.
THE THUGS WAIT THEIR CHANCE AND AS SNAPPER PASSES AN ALLEY, THEY PULL UP BESIDES HIM AND HOP OUT
HEY! WHAT IS THIS, A HOLD-UP?
YEA! WE WANT THAT CAMERA, SNAPPER SMITH!
WELL, HERE IT IS BOYS!
YOU WANT IT TOO?
3

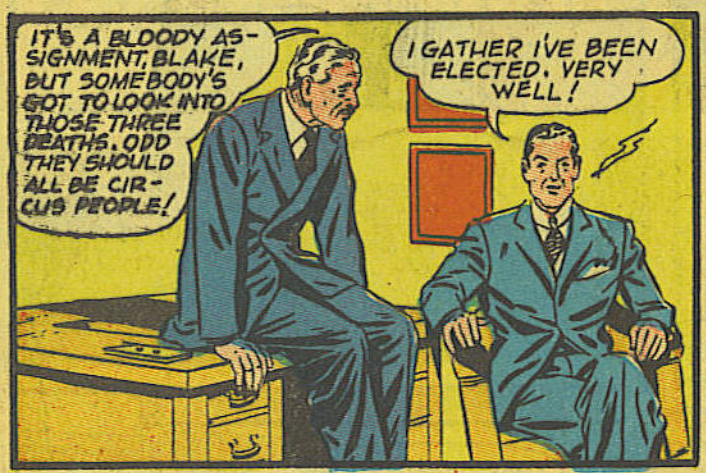

LOOKS LIKE YOU REALLY MEAN BUSINESS WITH A GUN!
DON'T GET TOUGH, WISE GUY! HAND OVER THAT CAMERA!
ALL RIGHT, BUT WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH IT?
THIS IS WHAT I'M GOING TO DO WITH IT!
GO ON NOW, BEAT IT. BEFORE I CHANGE MY MIND. MAYBE YOU DIDN'T HAVE THE BOSS' PICTURE IN YOUR CAMERA. BUT I AIN'T TAKING NO CHANCES!
SNAPPER! WHERE'S YOUR CAMERA? DIDN'T YOU GET A PICTURE OF MIKE NILES?
SURE, I GOT THREE BEAUTIES, BUT I RAN INTO SOME OF HIS GANG AND THEY SMASHED MY CAMERA!
SNAPPER, YOU'RE A SWEETHEART. THREE EXCLUSIVE PICTURES OF MIKE NILES. WE CAN TIE INTO THAT FRONT PAGE LAYOUT. WHAT A SCOOP!
WH-WHAT'S THIS?
THEY SHOULD HAVE SEARCHED ME FOR THE PLATES. I PUT THEM IN MY POCKET BEFORE I LEFT THE TOMBS!
SNAPPER SMITH SCORES ANOTHER SCOOP IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF WHIRLWIND. BE SURE TO FOLLOW HIM IN HIS NEW ADVENTURE
4

INSPECTOR BLAKE

SUPER-SLEUTH OF SCOTLAND YARD

SUCCESSOR TO THE MANTLE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES, INSPECTOR BLAKE IS INDISPUTABLY RECOGNIZED AS THE YARD'S FOREMOST DETECTIVE. LATE ONE EVENING, HE RECEIVES AN URGENT CALL FROM HIS CHIEF TO COME AT ONCE TO HIS OFFICE.



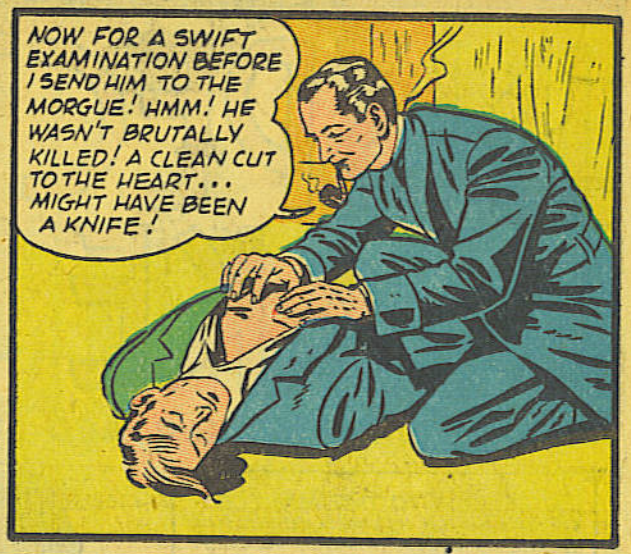


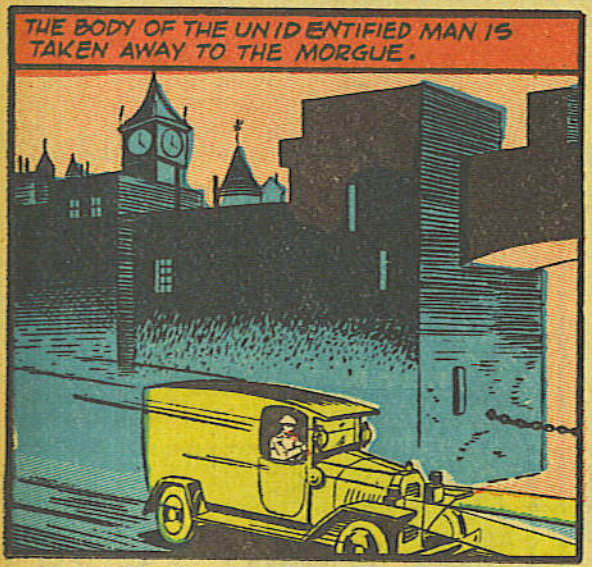


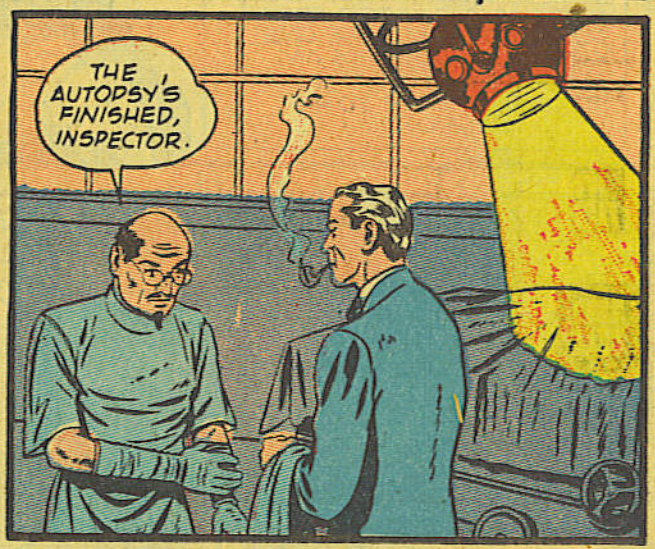





SO HE BROUGHT A MESSAGE TO ME. "DON'T MEDDLE. THIS MIGHT BE YOU IF YOU INSIST ON STICKING YOUR NOSE WHERE IT DOESN'T BELONG!"

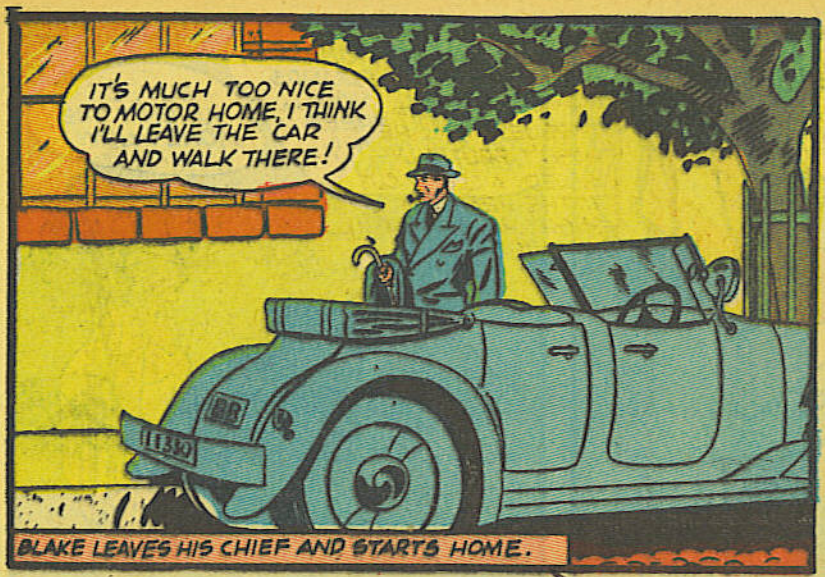

NOW FOR A SWIFT EXAMINATION BEFORE I SEND HIM TO THE MORGUE! HMM! HE WASN'T BRUTALLY KILLED! A CLEAN CUT TO THE HEART... MIGHT HAVE BEEN A KNIFE!


THE BODY OF THE UNIDENTIFIED MAN IS TAKEN AWAY TO THE MORGUE.

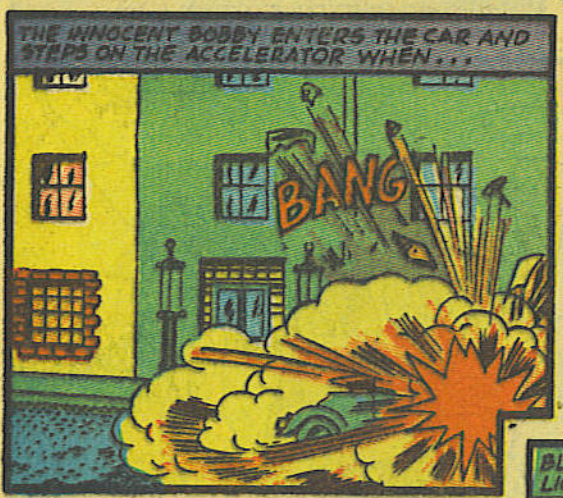

THE AUTOPSY'S FINISHED, INSPECTOR.


JUST LET ME LOOK AT THE TISSUE SURROUNDING THE HEART. AHA! I THOUGHT SO!


NEXT MORNING AT SCOTLAND YARD.
I HAVE A THEORY, SIR. I BELIEVE I'M ON THE RIGHT TRACK!
FORGET THE WHOLE THING. IT'S TOO DANGEROUS, AND I DON'T WANT TO RUN THE RISK OF LOSING YOU!


IT'S MUCH TOO NICE TO MOTOR HOME, I THINK I'LL LEAVE THE CAR AND WALK THERE!
BLAKE LEAVES HIS CHIEF AND STARTS HOME.

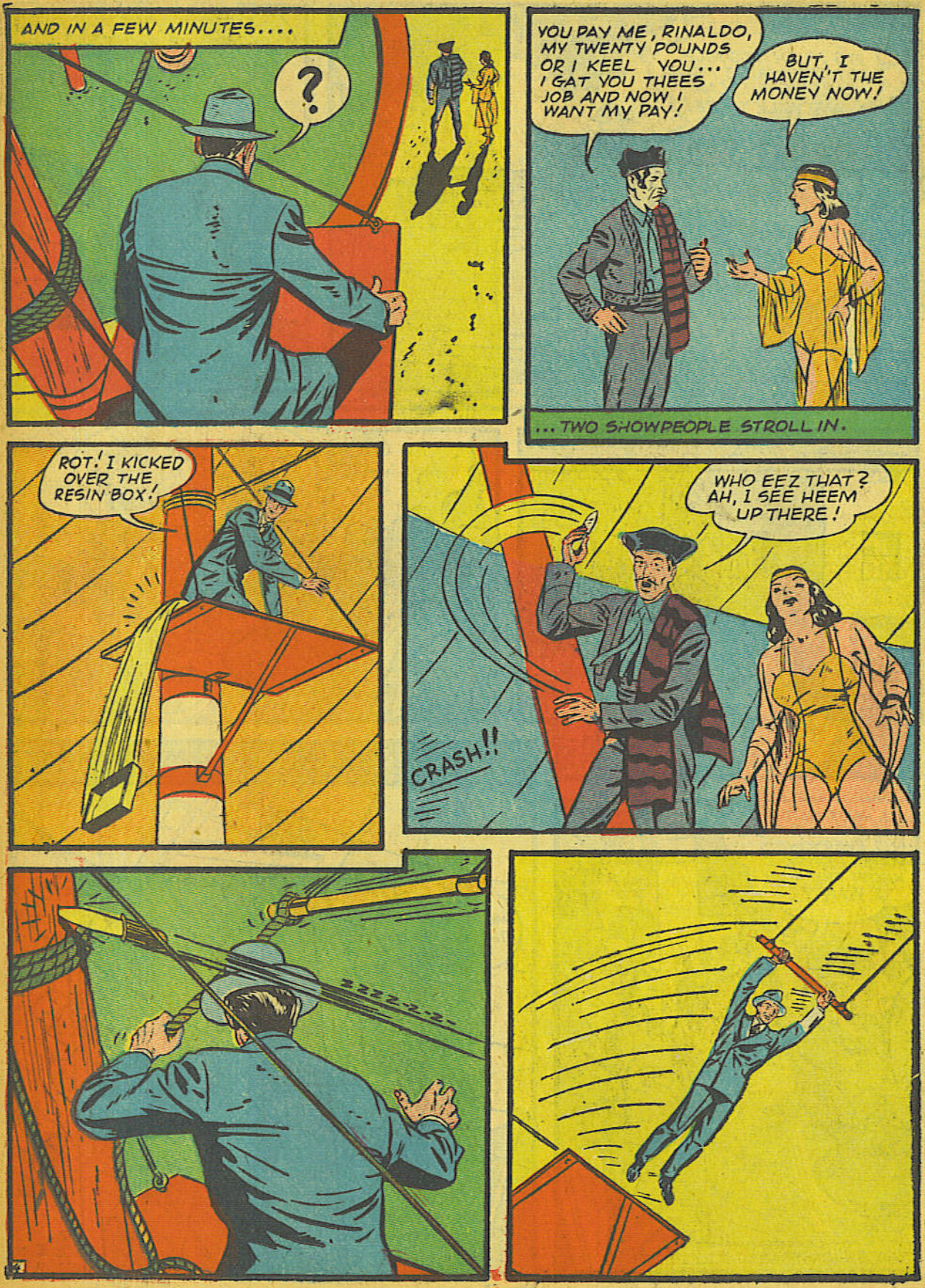

AH, THERE GOES THE INSPECTOR. 'E KNOWS 'E SHOULDN'T LEAVE 'IS CAR IN FRONT OF THE YARD. I'LL 'AVE TO MOVE IT MESELF!

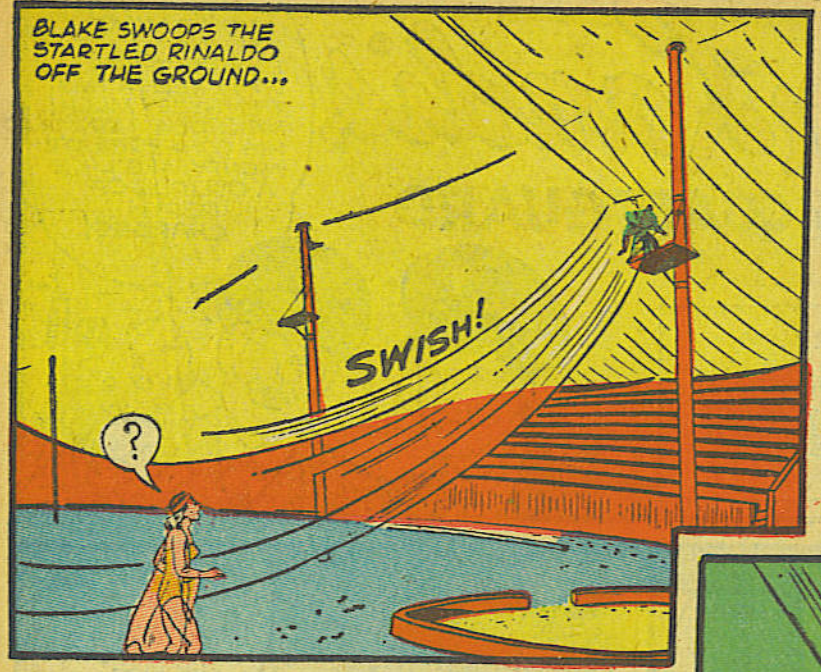

THE INNOCENT BOBBY ENTERS THE CAR AND STEPS ON THE ACCELERATOR WHEN...
BANG


THE CHIEF WILL HAVE TO RISK LOSING ME BECAUSE I'M GOING TO GET THAT MURDERER IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!

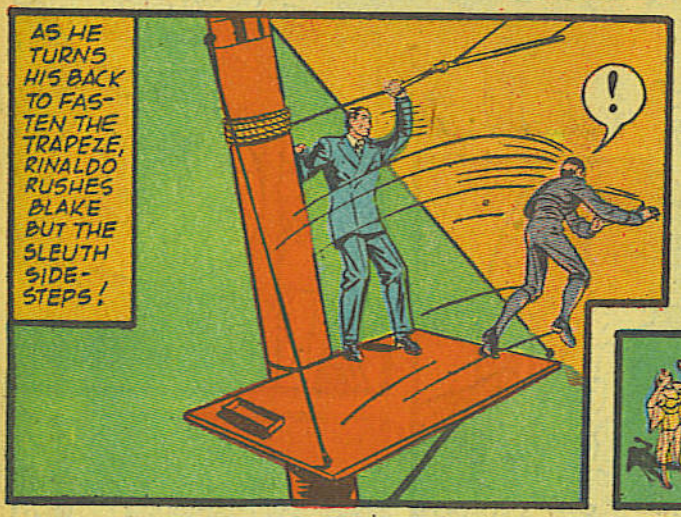

I'LL WAIT UNTIL THE SHOW IS OVER AND EVERYONE'S GONE! I THINK I KNOW THE MAN I WANT!
THAT NIGHT AT THE CIRCUS

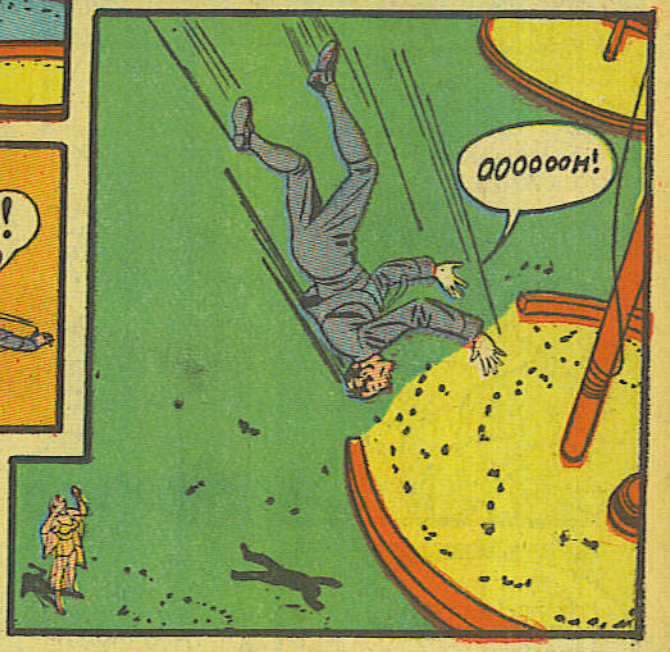

BLAKE HIDES HIMSELF UNDER THE BANDSTAND UNTIL THE LIGHTS ARE OUT, THEN CLIMBS A ROPE.
JUST A FEW MORE FEET TO THE TRAPEZE PLATFORM NOW!

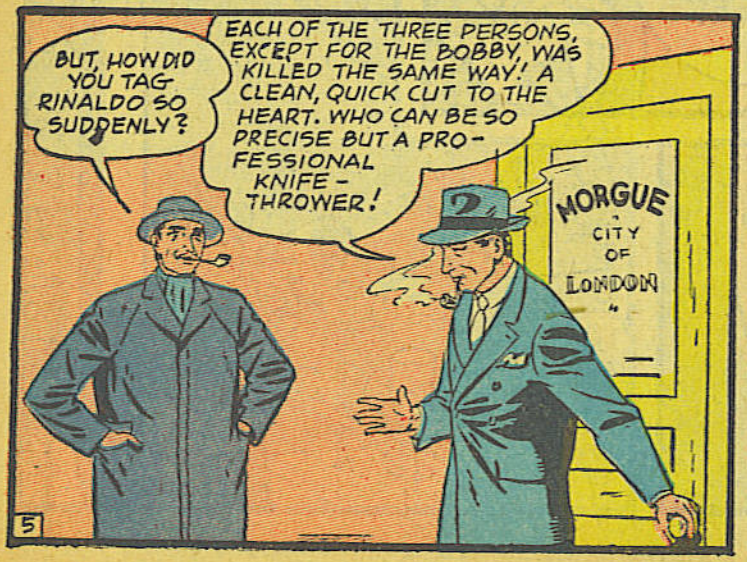

AND IN A FEW MINUTES....
?
YOU PAY ME, RINALDO, MY TWENTY POUNDS OR I KEEL YOU... I GAT YOU THEES JOB AND NOW I WANT MY PAY!
BUT, I HAVEN'T THE MONEY NOW!
...TWO SHOWPEOPLE STROLL IN.
ROT! I KICKED OVER THE RESIN BOX!
WHO EEZ THAT? AH, I SEE HEEM UP THERE!
CRASH!!


BLAKE SWOOPS THE STARTLED RINALDO OFF THE GROUND...
SWISH!
?


THERE! THAT'LL HOLD YOU FOR A WHILE!
...AND DELIVERS A HAYMAKER.


AS HE TURNS HIS BACK TO FASTEN THE TRAPEZE, RINALDO RUSHES BLAKE BUT THE SLEUTH SIDESTEPS!
!


OOOOOOH!


BUT, HOW DID YOU TAG RINALDO SO SUDDENLY?
EACH OF THE THREE PERSONS, EXCEPT FOR THE BOBBY, WAS KILLED THE SAME WAY! A CLEAN, QUICK CUT TO THE HEART. WHO CAN BE SO PRECISE BUT A PROFESSIONAL KNIFE-THROWER!
MORGUE
CITY OF LONDON
5


YOU KNEW THE CIRCUS WAS IN TOWN. SO YOU WENT THERE?
EXACTLY! BUT I HAD OTHER EVIDENCE OF IT BEING A KNIFE THROWER. UNDER A MICROSCOPE A FEW GRAINS OF WOOD WERE FOUND WHERE THE KNIFE LODGED. AND A MAN LIKE RINALDO USES A BACK BOARD FOR HIS ACT!
WATCH FOR THE NEXT ADVENTURE OF INSPECTOR BLAKE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF WHIRLWIND COMICS!

Lt. Jim Landis
U.S. COASTGUARD



THE U.S. COASTGUARD CUTTER HAWK IS PATROLLING THE WATERS OFF FLORIDA WHEN A MESSAGE IS RECEIVED TO PICK UP NICK ROSA, OPERATOR OF THE GAMBLING SHIP CROESUS. CAPT. BRINK UNDERTAKES THE JOB AT ONCE.



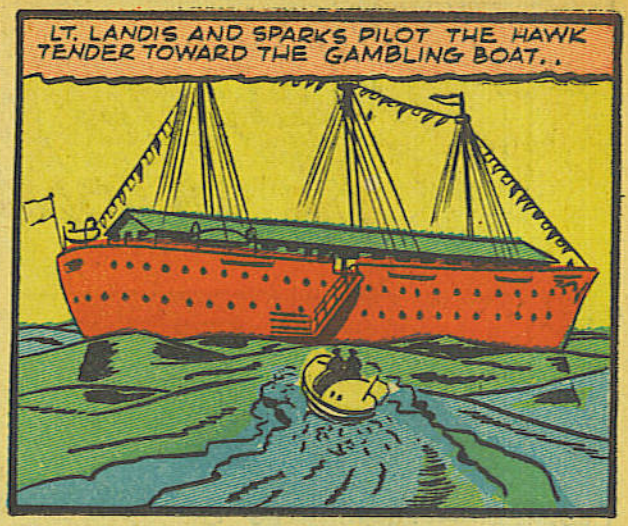









LT. LANDIS, I WANT YOU TO TAKE SPARKS AND BRING BACK NICK ROSA. IF MONTY IS ABOARD, BRING HIM ALSO. BUT, BE CAREFUL. I'VE TOLD YOU BEFORE, THEY'RE DANGEROUS!
YES, SIR!


LT. LANDIS AND SPARKS PILOT THE HAWK TENDER TOWARD THE GAMBLING BOAT. .


. . . MONTY AND NICK EYE THEIR APPROACH
WHAT ARE WE STANDING HERE FOR? LET'S MACHINE GUN THEM!
USE YOUR NUT! I'VE GOT A BETTER PLAN TO GET US OUT OF THE THREE MILE LIMIT AND THE JURISDICTION OF THE LAW!

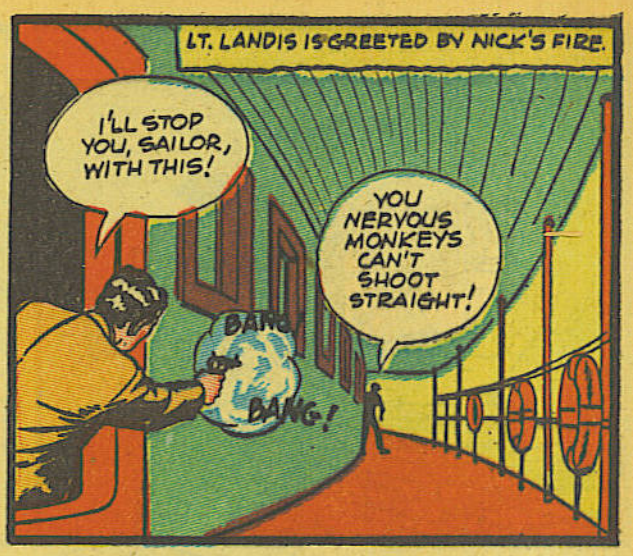

I HAVE ORDERS TO TAKE YOU BACK!
OKAY, PAL. MIND IF I GO TO MY CABIN TO GET MY HAT?
WE'LL GO ALONG WITH YOU!

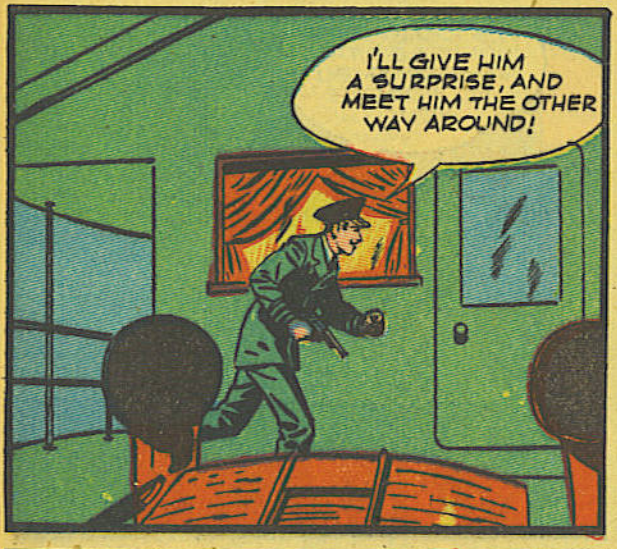

STRAIGHT AHEAD TO THE LEFT, GENTLEMEN!

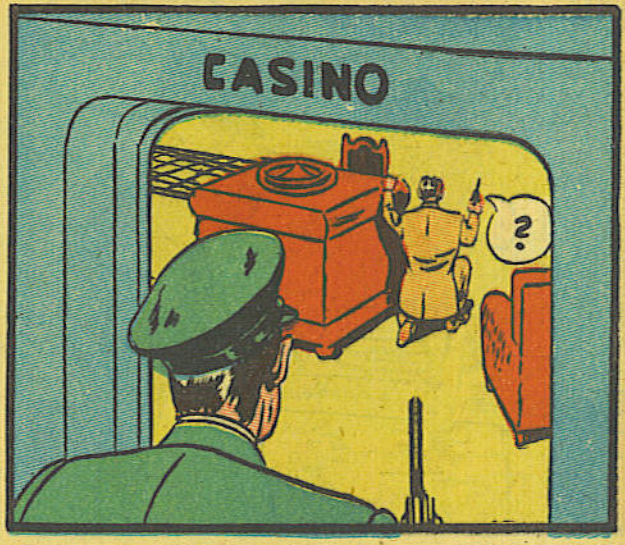

OKAY, SAILORS! I'M GOING TO LOCK YOU IN HERE. I HOPE YOU DON'T GET SEASICK. WE'RE TAKING A LITTLE RIDE!
?
!?


YOU DON'T MIND IF I LEAVE YOU, CAPTAIN. I'M TAKING YOUR SAILOR BOYS ALONG SO YOU WON'T TAKE ANY SHOTS AT ME!
SO HE PULLED A FAST ONE ON ME! AND HE'S RIGHT. I WOULDN'T LEVEL A SHOT AGROSS HIS BOW, WITH MY MEN THERE! HE'S SHREWD, THAT CROOK!
TAKE CARE OF THOSE VISITORS IN MY CABIN. I'M SENDING YOU BECAUSE I DON'T WANT THEM TO THINK I'M NEGLECTING MY COMPANY!
ME TAKE CARE OF 'EM FINE, BOSS! IF THEY MAKE NOISE.. I SHUT 'EM UP, QUICK!
MEANWHILE, BACK WITH JIM AND SPARKY.
SSSH, I HEAR FOOTSTEPS. STAND BEHIND THE DOOR. WHEN HE OPENS IT.. LET'S RUSH 'IM! IT'S AN OLD GAG. THEY USE IN THE MOVIES AND MAYBE IT'LL WORK!
SAY YOU SWABS.. I'M GONN..?
GIVE ME ROOM, SPARKS. I WANT TO TAKE A SWING!
OOH!
CRACK
GET HIS GUN, SPARKS, WE'RE ON OUR WAY!


UP WITH 'EM BOYS! MAKING A GETAWAY, HUH? YOU STAY HERE, SPARKS, I'M GOING TO LOOK UP NICK!


LT. LANDIS IS GREETED BY NICK'S FIRE.
I'LL STOP YOU, SAILOR, WITH THIS!
YOU NERVOUS MONKEYS CAN'T SHOOT STRAIGHT!
BANG!
BANG!


I'LL GIVE HIM A SURPRISE, AND MEET HIM THE OTHER WAY AROUND!


CASINO
?


INSTINCTIVELY, NICK RISES, SPINS AROUND AND..
NICK, YOU MAKE A POOR SOLDIER!
BANG!


LITTLE BOYS THAT DON'T KNOW HOW TO PLAY STRAIGHT, CAN'T SHOOT STRAIGHT!


IN THE STRUGGLE, NICK LOSES HIS BALANCE, AND FALLS BACKWARD, ON THE ROULETTE TABLE
THE MOMENTUM OF THE WHEEL, THROWS HIM OFF BALANCE, GIVING LANDIS AN OPPORTUNITY TO CRASH A LEFT.
OW!
AND A RIGHT!
IT'S TOO BAD YOU DIDN'T GET THE BRASS RING, BUT I'LL FORGIVE YOU!
EVERYTHING IS UNDER CONTROL, CAPTAIN. I CONVINCED THEM TO COME ALONG QUIETLY!
TAKE A DEEP BREATH, BOYS. YOU WON'T BE BREATHING FRESH SEA AIR FOR A LONG TIME!
SEE LT. LANDIS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF WHIRLWIND COMICS!

REX ROYCE



CAPT. REX ROYCE, STALWART OF THE MOUNTIES HAS BEEN DETAILED TO FIND AND ARREST A RING OF NOTORIOUS COUNTERFEITERS. HE HAS ONLY ONE CLUE. LABORATORY TESTS DISCLOSED THAT THE FAKE MONEY WAS TINTED WITH COAL-DUST.





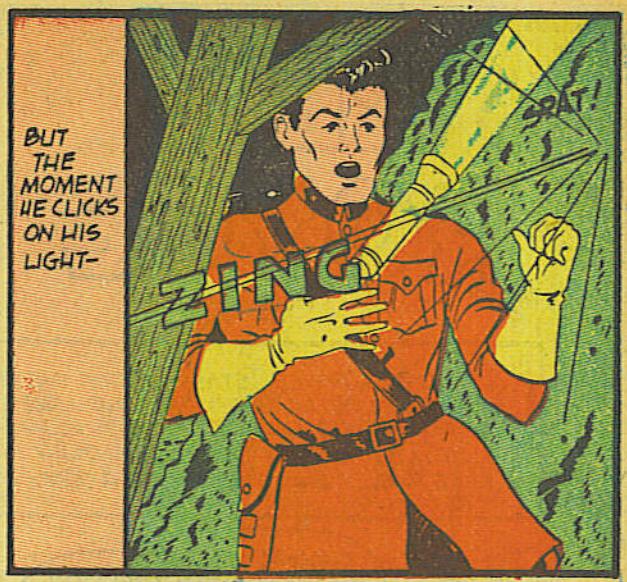




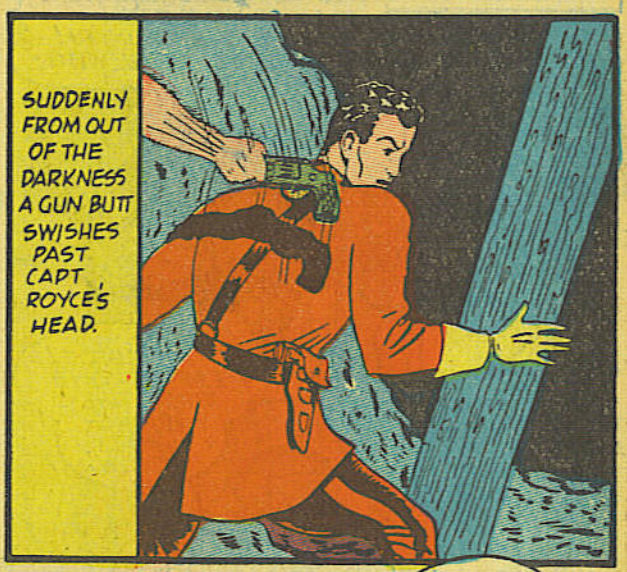





ROYCE HAVING REACHED THE BOTTOM OF THE SHAFT LEAVES THE ELEVATOR AND STARTS TO EXPLORE THE MINE
CAN'T SEE A THING, MAYBE I HAD BETTER PUT ON THIS LIGHT!

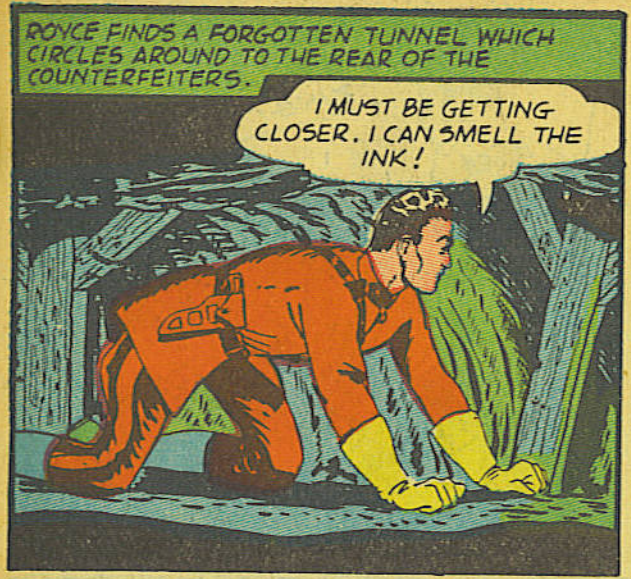

BUT THE MOMENT HE CLICKS ON HIS LIGHT-
ZING
SPAT!

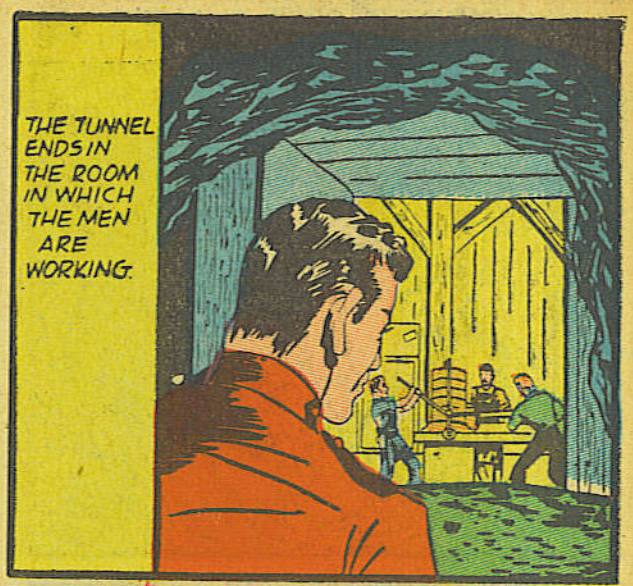

SOMEHOW THEY'VE BEEN TIPPED OFF THAT I'M HERE WHAT'S THAT I SMELL? INK? I'LL HAVE TO CRAWL AROUND TO THE REAR AND SURPRISE THEM!


SUDDENLY FROM OUT OF THE DARKNESS A GUN BUTT SWISHES PAST CAPT. ROYCE'S HEAD.


SO YOU WANT TO PLAY ROUGH? DON'T GIVE IT, IF YOU CAN'T TAKE IT!
2


QUICKLY SUBDUING THE GUARD, REX ROYCE SEARCHES THE MINE AND COMES UPON A SHAFT. ON THE LEVEL BELOW HE SEES THE COUNTERFEITERS AT WORK
I'LL WAIT UNTIL I'M COMPLETELY BEHIND THEM!


ROYCE FINDS A FORGOTTEN TUNNEL WHICH CIRCLES AROUND TO THE REAR OF THE COUNTERFEITERS.
I MUST BE GETTING CLOSER. I CAN SMELL THE INK!


THE TUNNEL ENDS IN THE ROOM IN WHICH THE MEN ARE WORKING.


PUT UP YOUR HANDS IN THE NAME OF THE KING!
!?
!?
?


OKAY RED-COAT. GUESS YOU GOT US!


BUT THE LEADER OF THE OUTLAWS WHIPS OUT HIS REVOLVER AND SHOOTS
BANG!
3


HIS HENCHMEN DIVE BEHIND COVER AND FIRE AT THE MOUNTIE.
BANG!
BANG! BANG!


THE COUNTERFEITERS' GUARD WHOM ROYCE STRUCK, REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS AND FOLLOWS HIM.
SPAT!
ZING!
EMPTY!
CLICK! CLICK!
BUT MY HEAD ISN'T!
CAPT. ROYCE PICKS UP A LARGE ROCK AND WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH HURLS IT AT THE GUARD.
UGH!
HIS BODY FALLS OFF THE LEDGE SMASHING DOWN ON HIS COMRADES.
WELL, YOU FELLOWS CAN'T KICK AT THE DEAL YOU GOT. I GAVE YOU A ROCK-BOTTOM PRICE!
AND SO REX ROYCE GOT HIS MEN! SEE THE NEXT ISSUE OF THIS INTERESTING MOUNTIE IN WHIRLWIND COMICS!
41

BRUCE BARLOW
CONQUEROR OF THE PLANETS

COMETS WREAKING UNTOLD DAMAGE HAVE BEEN CRASHING TO EARTH. A NUMBER OF INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS SCIENTISTS HAVE DETERMINED THAT THE SOURCE IS JUPITER. BRUCE BARLOW, EXPLORER OF THE UNKNOWN, OFFERS HIS SERVICES TO SEE WHAT MIGHT BE DONE TO REMEDY THE SITUATION. THEY EAGERLY ACCEPT. DAWN FINDS BRUCE ATOP MT. EVEREST IN A SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED ROCKET SHIP TO COMPLETE HIS TASK . . .

GOOD LUCK BRUCE!

I PROMISE I SHALL NOT RETURN UNTIL I HAVE PROBED THE REASON FOR THIS PHENOMENA AND IF POSSIBLE PUT A HALT TO IT!

WITH A MIGHTY ROAR BRUCE'S SILVER BULLET LEAPS INTO SPACE!

IF MY CALCULATIONS ARE CORRECT I SHOULD REACH JUPITER IN ABOUT TWO HOURS!

BUT SUDDENLY..A SCREAMING COMET...

WHAT HAPPENED? OH, I RECALL NOW! I MUST HAVE BEEN HIT BY A COMET!

YOU ARE ON THE PLANET VENUS!

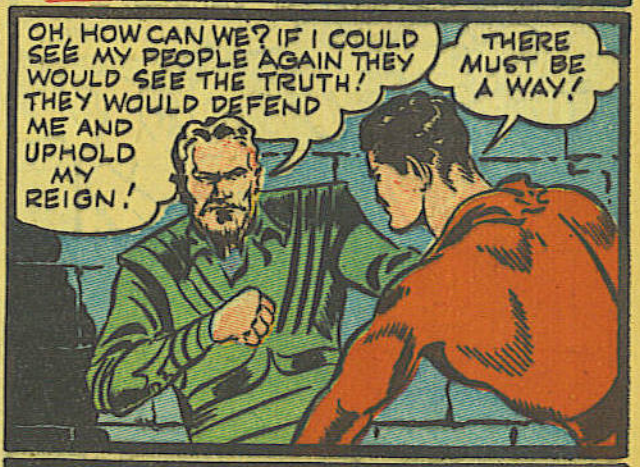
WHO ARE YOU STRANGE MAN?


THE VENUSIANS ARE PUSHED ASIDE BY CORON'S GUARDS
MAKE WAY! MAKE WAY! FOR CORON'S WEDDING PRO-CESSION!
STOP! WHO ARE YOU STRANGER?
I AM FROM THE EARTH! I HAVE COME TO LEARN WHY COMETS PLAGUE OUR PLANET!
I, EMPEROR CORON COMMAND THE COMETS! IT IS I WHO CONTROL THE UNIVERSE! GUARDS! HURL HIM INTO THE DUNGEON! NO ONE SHALL INTER-RUPT THIS JOYOUS OCCASION!
THE DUNGEON IS YOUR GRAVE! AND HERE YOU STAY UN-TIL YOUR DUST IS THROWN TO THE COSMOS! HA HA!
BRUCE SHARES THE FATE OF ALL CORON'S ENEMIES...LIFE, OR DEATH IN THE DISMAL DUNGEONS!
ANOTHER UN-FORTUNATE!
2


WHO ARE YOU?
I AM GOLA, THE TRUE EMPEROR OF VENUS! ROBBED OF MY THRONE BY CORON, THE TERRIBLE! HE HAS BURIED ME ALIVE HERE AND PROCLAIMED MY DEATH TO THE PEOPLE!


BUT.. DOESN'T ANYONE KNOW?
ONLY MY DAUGHTER VENUS, NAMED AFTER THIS PLANET. HE HAS TORN OUT HER TONGUE TO PREVENT THE TRUTH FROM BEING TOLD!


SO SHE WAS THE BEAUTIFUL GIRL WHO SAT BESIDE CORON! WE MUST GET OUT OF HERE! NOT ONLY TO SAVE OURSELVES, BUT TO SAVE HER TOO!


OH, HOW CAN WE? IF I COULD SEE MY PEOPLE AGAIN THEY WOULD SEE THE TRUTH! THEY WOULD DEFEND ME AND UPHOLD MY REIGN!
THERE MUST BE A WAY!


MEANWHILE, CORON SPEAKS TO AN AIDE..
WHILE GOLA LIVES MY LIFE IS IN DANGER! HE MUST DIE! ON THIS DAY OF MY MARRIAGE HE MUST BE SLAIN!
I SHALL POUR THE HELMACID IN HIS BROTH MYSELF!


MY ENEMY FEEDS ME WELL! MY DISTRESS HAS DESTROYED MY APPETITE, BUT I NEED NOURISHMENT FOR STRENGTH


DRINK YOUR BROTH GOLA, AND BE THANKFUL YOU'RE GETTING IT!
THANK YOU!
WAIT! IT MIGHT BE POISONED! LET'S SEE!
HEY YOU!
OW! MY EYES!
HERE! YOU BE THANKFUL FOR IT YOURSELF... YOU YELLOW CUR!
COME ON, GOLA! WE HAVEN'T A SECOND TO SPARE! THIS IS OUR CHANCE!
OOH!... I'M BLIND!
WHERE SHALL WE GO? WHERE IS THE WEDDING TAKING PLACE?
IT MUST BE AT THE TEMPLE!
I AM ABOUT TO UNITE YOU AS ONE BEING!..
4


WE DON'T NEED TICKETS! WE'RE USING THE BACK WAY!
WE CAN'T FIGHT ALL THE MEN OUT THERE BY OURSELVES BUT THIS WILL HELP!
THE HUGE ALTAR TOPPLES INTO THE CROWD WITH A TREMENDOUS CRASH!
LOOK OUT! IT'S FALLING!
HELP!
I MUST MOUNT THE STAIRS AND REACH THE BALCONY! THE PEOPLE SHALL SEE ME! THEY'LL HELP ME!
LET'S GO!
MY DAUGHTER! YOU'RE SAVED! QUICK, COME UPSTAIRS WITH ME!
HERE COME THE GUARDS!
WHERE'S THAT GIRL?
SO! WE'RE GETTING A LITTLE ACTION AFTER ALL! HELLO CORON!
5


MY OLD ONE, TWO!
NOW YOU!--YOU OLD DEVIL!
GO GOLA! PROCLAIM YOURSELF TO YOUR PEOPLE!
CRACK!
IT IS GOLA! OUR BELOVED EMPEROR!
AND HIS DAUGHTER VENUS.
WE HAVE BEEN TRICKED BY CORON!
GOLA LIVES!
CORON REMAINS IN THE TEMPLE!
LET US SEEK HIM OUT!
THE PEOPLE SHALL HAVE THEIR REVENGE! HIS LIFE FOR THE ONE HE TRIED TO ROB!
I SPEAK FOR MY DAUGHTER, AS WELL AS MYSELF. WE THANK YOU HUMBLY! THE EARTH SHALL HAVE PEACE. THERE WILL BE NO DISTURBANCES! FOR PEACE AND HAPPINESS ONCE MORE REIGNS ON VENUS! YOU WILL RETURN IN A ROCKET SHIP OF OUR INTERPLANETARY SYSTEM!
READ BRUCE BARLOW IN THE NEXT EXCITING ISSUE OF WHIRLWIND COMICS!
6



SPY HUNTER

by
Harry Anderson

MACK CORLISS, secret agent, was about ready to give up. He knew that the hideout for the gang of spies and their secret sending set for spreading Un-American propaganda was somewhere along this section of the Bowery, but he had combed alleys and tenements and flophouses for weeks without being able to locate it, or even a clue.

He was on his way back to the local office to report failure, when he heard the quick high yelp of a dog in pain. He turned. Across the street, an elderly woman, whom he had passed everyday in his search, was kicking furiously a ragged little mongrel lying helplessly in the gutter.

Fury mounted within Corliss. He strode angrily across the street, and grabbed the woman's arm just as she raised a stick above her head to strike the quivering dog at her feet.

"Hold it, lady!" Corliss said, "You've done enough to that poor mutt!"

"He upset my pushcart" the old crone muttered in a deep, cracked voice. "I'll kill him!"

"You hit that dog again, and I'll call a policeman and have you locked up!" Corliss said determinedly.

At the mention of the word *police,* the old woman paled and dropped the stick. Muttering, she returned to her pushcart. The little mongrel loped off up the street, tail between flashing legs.

For long moments, Mack Corliss watched the woman shoving her pushcart up the street. He kept puzzling to himself what it was that he had noticed that was strange about the old woman's attire.

Something had caught his eye, even as he had walked angrily across the street towards her. But in the heat of his emotions, it has completely slipped his mind. Yet this thing kept bothering him, so instead of returning to the office, he followed after the old crone with the pushcart.

Several blocks down, he saw her stop, so Mack quickly dodged into a doorway. Watching through narrowed gray eyes, he saw her put her foot up onto a fire hydrant and re-tie her shoelace. And *then* he noticed it again. The old woman was wearing ankle-length socks. Men's socks. With this realization, his mind flashed back over the roster of criminals and spies he had encountered in his career, and he found his answer.

He remembered now, too, certain striking features of the old woman. In his mind's eye, he visualized how those features would look under short hair and a man's hat.

"Joe Zero!" he exclaimed aloud. "That's who it is. Joe Zero, the Trylonian spy, disguised as a woman!"

From there he shadowed the disguised spy and his pushcart down to the other end of the Bowery, where it runs into Chinatown. He saw him enter a dirty, narrow alley.

When Mack Corliss reached the mouth of the alley, the spy and his pushcart had disappeared completely. Mack made his way cautiously down the alley until he came to the side door leading into a filthy tenement.

He had gone all through this same house only

the day before, and found no trace of the spy's headquarters.

"But they must be in this building!" he reasoned, and entered the door. He found himself in a dimly lit basement. The pushcart was against the wall, but Joe Zero and his disguise were not in sight.

Then Mack spotted the dumbwaiter. He tiptoed over to it and climbed right into the box-like lift. Slowly, as noiselessly as possible, he hoisted himself up to the second floor, and listened outside the door. He heard the sounds of children, quarreling coming from inside the apartment and knew that wasn't the place.

He hoisted himself to the top of the building and down again, listening at all the doors, but from none of them was there any indication that it was the hideout he was seeking.

Wearily he dropped down to the bottom. Here, all at once he noticed a strange thing. The dumbwaiter didn't stop at the bottom. It went halfway below the exit-door of the first floor

Excitedly, Mack roped it down further, until he was completely below the basement level. A few more feet down and the dumbwaiter rested on the bottom. Mack put out his hand and encountered a door handle. He turned the knob. A small door swung open onto a dark passageway.

He crawled through, and crept along through the inky gloom. Here he came to another door. He pressed his ear against it. A voice sounded clearly, it was saying:

"—people of America must revolt. We must all band together, arm ourselves and put out the present government—"

Mack Corliss didn't wait to hear more. He crashed his massive shoulder against the door. He tumbled into a well-lit room. He drew his gun, pointed it toward a trio of men clustered about radio broadcasting equipment. The man standing before the microphone was Joe Zero.

"Hands high!" Corliss commanded.

"You again," Joe Zero said, as they all raised their hands above their heads. "I didn't think you recognized me."

"I wouldn't have," Corliss replied, "if you hadn't been wearing men's socks. And if you hadn't been mistreating that dog. There's only one person in the world that hates dogs as much as that, and that's you, Joe Zero!"

Abruptly, without answering, Joe Zero reached out his foot and kicked over the table holding the lamp. The room was plunged into instant blackness. Gunfire flashed through the room in stabbing orange streaks. There was the crash and tinkle of broken metal and glass as bullets ripped through the broadcasting equipment. Just as suddenly, the shooting stopped. The only sounds in the room were muffled curses and groans.

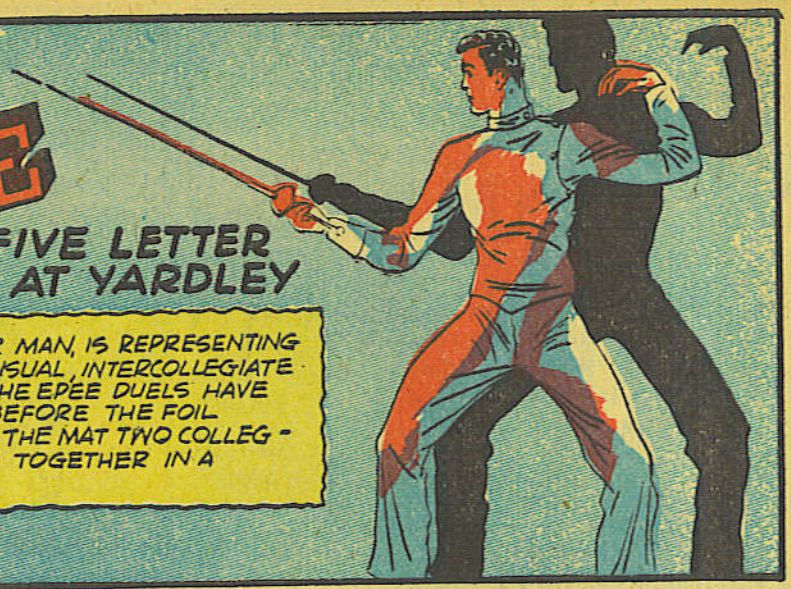
Mack Corliss fumbled across the room and found the overhead light switch. The lights flashed on again, revealing the three spys sprawled out across the floor, nursing their wounds.

Mack Corliss walked over and handcuffed them all together. He was more than ever proud that he loved dogs and couldn't stand to see them abused.



DICK BLAZE

FIVE LETTER MAN AT YARDLEY

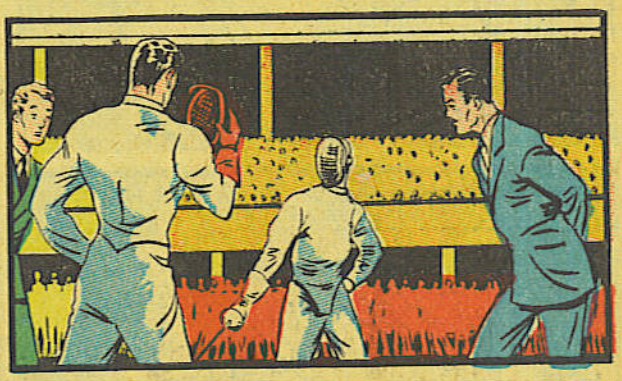


DICK BLAZE, FIVE-LETTER MAN, IS REPRESENTING HIS UNIVERSITY IN THE USUAL, INTERCOLLEGIATE FENCING TOURNAMENT, THE EPÉE DUELS HAVE BEEN RUN OFF, AND JUST BEFORE THE FOIL CLASSES ARE CALLED TO THE MAT TWO COLLEGIANS ARE SEEN TALKING TOGETHER IN A CORNER OF THE GYM.

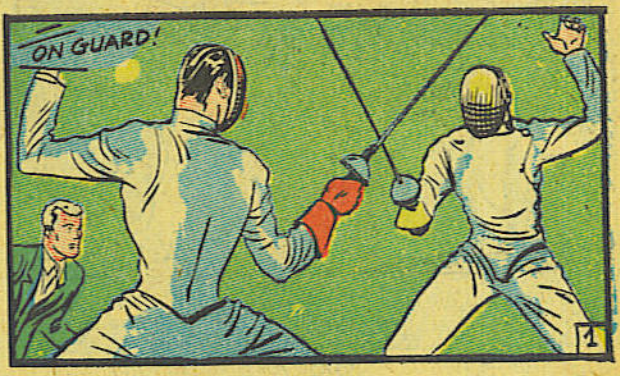


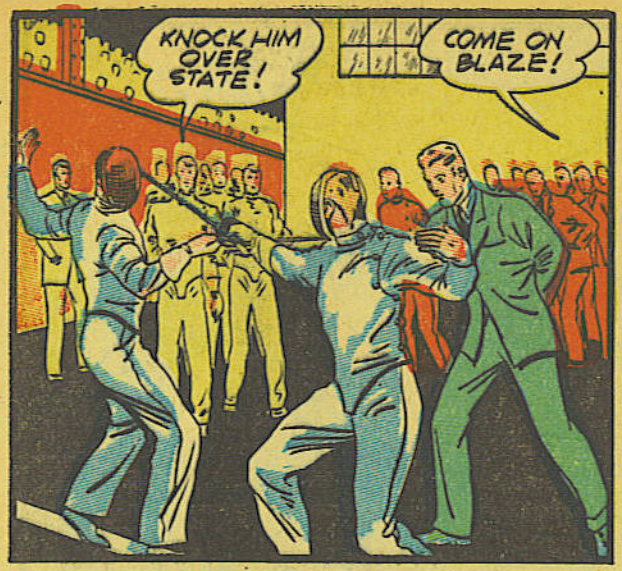




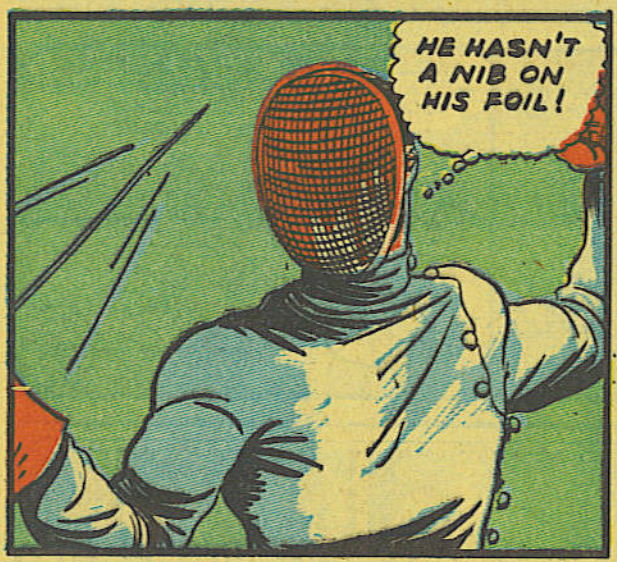


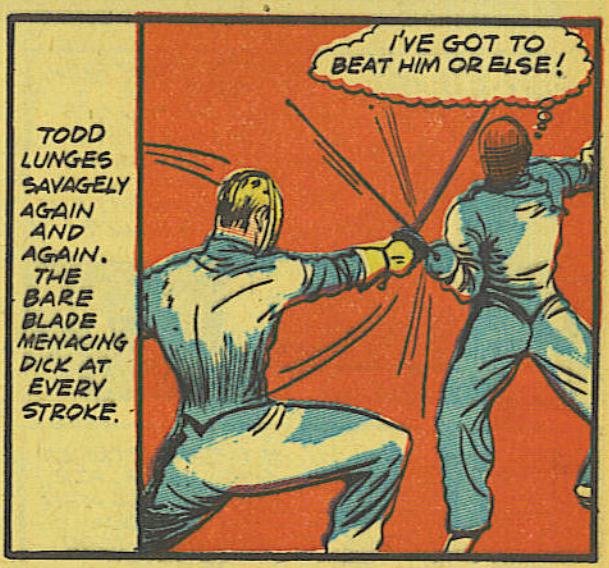


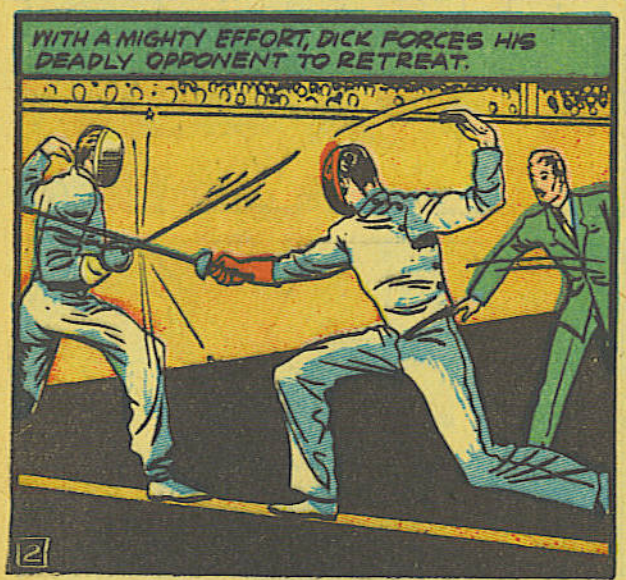


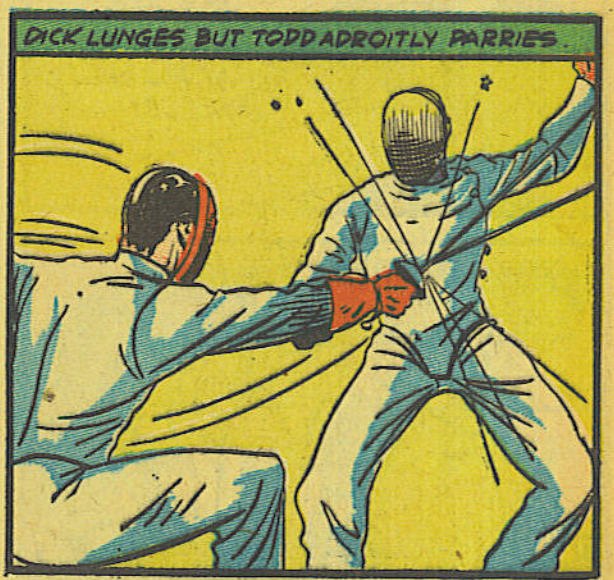

KNOCK HIM OVER STATE!
COME ON BLAZE!

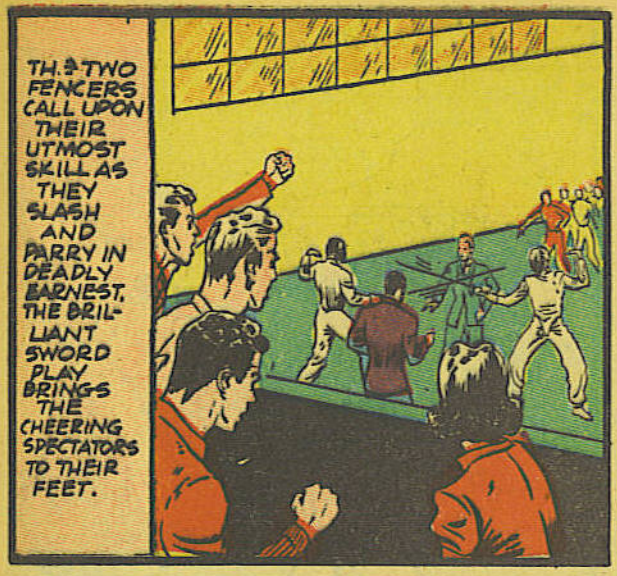

IN A FLASH TODD LUNGES, BUT DICK PARRIES HIS THRUST.

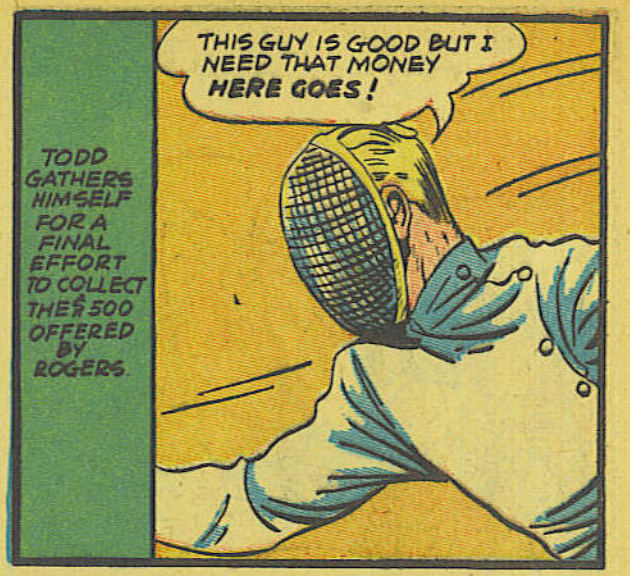

HE HASN'T A NIB ON HIS FOIL!

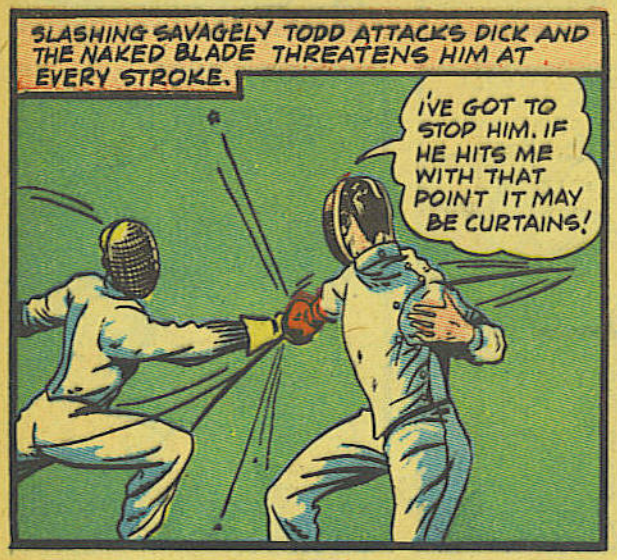

TODD LUNGES SAVAGELY AGAIN AND AGAIN. THE BARE BLADE MENACING DICK AT EVERY STROKE.
I'VE GOT TO BEAT HIM OR ELSE!


WITH A MIGHTY EFFORT, DICK FORCES HIS DEADLY OPPONENT TO RETREAT.
12

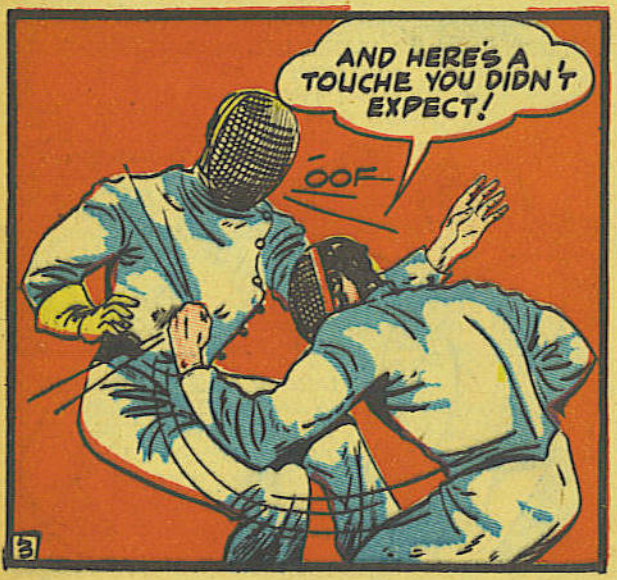

DICK LUNGES BUT TODD ADROITLY PARRIES.

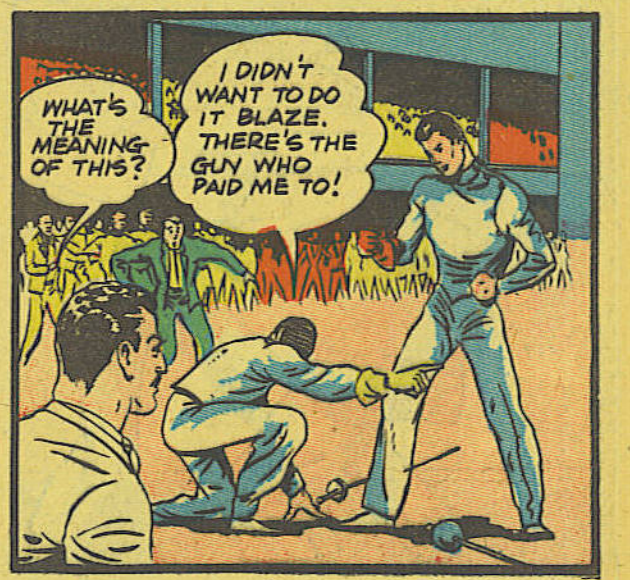

TH. TWO FENCERS CALL UPON THEIR UTMOST SKILL AS THEY SLASH AND PARRY IN DEADLY EARNEST. THE BRILLIANT SWORD PLAY BRINGS THE CHEERING SPECTATORS TO THEIR FEET.

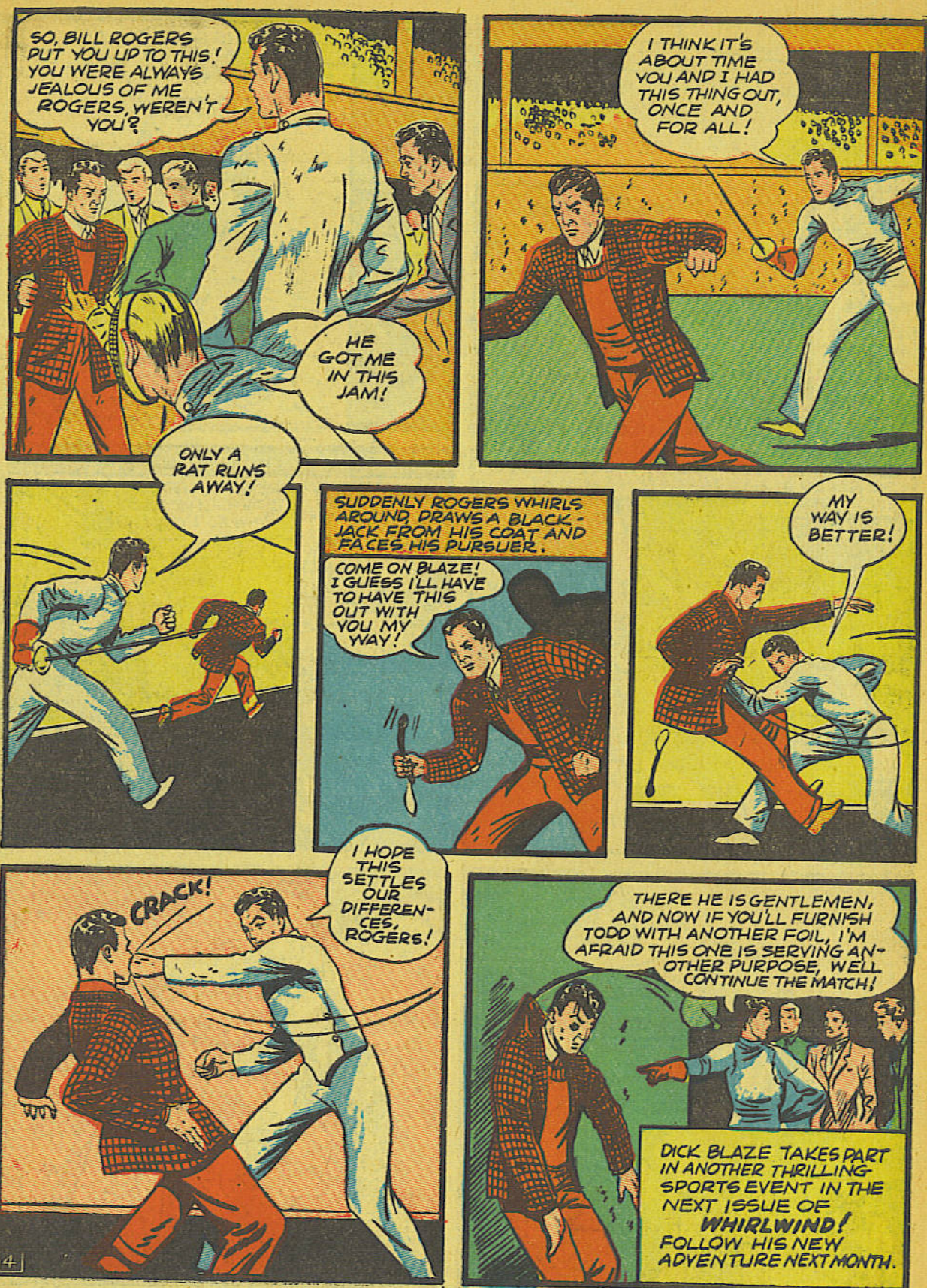

TODD GATHERS HIMSELF FOR A FINAL EFFORT TO COLLECT THE $500 OFFERED BY ROGERS.
THIS GUY IS GOOD BUT I NEED THAT MONEY HERE GOES!


SLASHING SAVAGELY TODD ATTACKS DICK AND THE NAKED BLADE THREATENS HIM AT EVERY STROKE.
I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM. IF HE HITS ME WITH THAT POINT IT MAY BE CURTAINS!


AS A LAST RESORT DICK CALLS UPON AN OLD TRICK
THERE'S A LITTLE SURPRISE I'VE BEEN SAVING FOR YOU!


AND HERE'S A TOUCHE YOU DIDN'T EXPECT!
OOF
3


WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?
I DIDN'T WANT TO DO IT BLAZE. THERE'S THE GUY WHO PAID ME TO!


SO, BILL ROGERS PUT YOU UP TO THIS! YOU WERE ALWAYS JEALOUS OF ME ROGERS, WEREN'T YOU?
HE GOT ME IN THIS JAM!
I THINK IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU AND I HAD THIS THING OUT, ONCE AND FOR ALL!
ONLY A RAT RUNS AWAY!
SUDDENLY ROGERS WHIRLS AROUND, DRAWS A BLACK-JACK FROM HIS COAT AND FACES HIS PURSUER.
COME ON BLAZE! I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO HAVE THIS OUT WITH YOU MY WAY!
MY WAY IS BETTER!
CRACK!
I HOPE THIS SETTLES OUR DIFFERENCES, ROGERS!
THERE HE IS GENTLEMEN, AND NOW IF YOU'LL FURNISH TODD WITH ANOTHER FOIL, I'M AFRAID THIS ONE IS SERVING ANOTHER PURPOSE, WE'LL CONTINUE THE MATCH!
DICK BLAZE TAKES PART IN ANOTHER THRILLING SPORTS EVENT IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF WHIRLWIND! FOLLOW HIS NEW ADVENTURE NEXT MONTH.
4

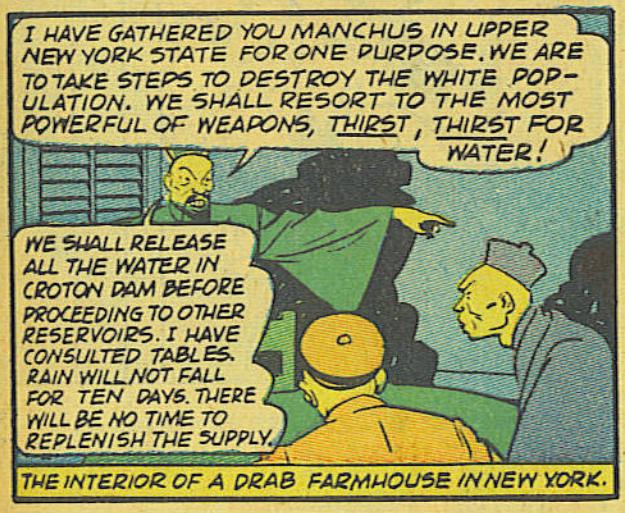

DOODAD
THE DETECTIVE
BY JOHNSON
DOODAD AND HIS NEW ASSISTANT, PRANK-HEMSTEAM, HAVE BEEN ASSIGNED TO BRING IN A COUPLE OF NOTORIOUS GUN-MEN. THEY APPROACH THE LODGING OF THE MOBSTERS ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY.
HERE WE ARE, PRANK-HEMSTEAM. WE MUST BE CAREFUL. THOSE MEN ARE DANGEROUS. STOP SHAKING! ARE YOU AFRAID?
I'M NOT. BUT MY FEET ARE!
YOU TAKE THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE. I'LL TAKE THE BACK!
THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE?
DOODAD STEALS HIS WAY TO THE REAR.
HMMM! GUESS HE KNOWS WHAT HE WANTS!
RIP!
THERE! NOW WHAT'S NEXT I WONDER?
COME ON BIG BOY STEP INSIDE!
I GOT THIS TIN STAR TOO!
YOU SAP! WHAT WERE YOU TRYING TO DO?
YOU TOLD ME TO TAKE THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE!
SHUT UP, BOTH OF YOU! PRYSZLODSZI, TIE THEIR HANDS AND GAG THEM!
OKAY, BOSS!
1


YOU DOPE! WHEN YOU TORE OFF THAT PORCH YOU WOKE 'EM UP!
GULP!
SNAP!
NICE WORK, PRANKHEMSTEAM! HOW'D YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE THOSE TEETH IN YOUR POCKET?
I ALWAYS CARRY A SPARE!
THEIR ESCAPE HOWEVER IS DETECTED!
HEY! UP WID DEH MITS, MONKIES!
SO YOU DICKS WANNA MAKE A GETAWAY!
DAT'LL TEACH YOU TO STAY TIED WHEN I TIE YOUSE!
BANG!
HOLY MACKERAL- THAT BULLET ONLY TICKLED HIM!
THAT WASN'T NICE. YOU HURT MY FEELINGS!
AND PRANKHEMSTEAM TOSSES THE MOBSTERS DOWN A WELL
MAYBE THAT WILL COOL YOU OFF!
GIVE MY REGARDS TO THE FISHES!
SPLASH!
2
WHY DID YOU DO THAT? WHY DID YOU GET SO MAD? BECAUSE HE ALMOST KILLED YOU?
NO, HE SHOT MY NEW BADGE!
- AND THERE'LL BE MORE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF WHIRLWIND!

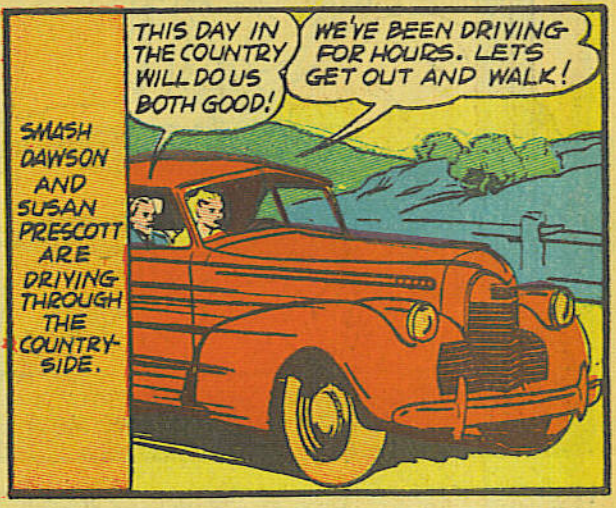
SMASH DAWSON AND THE MAGIC MANDARIN

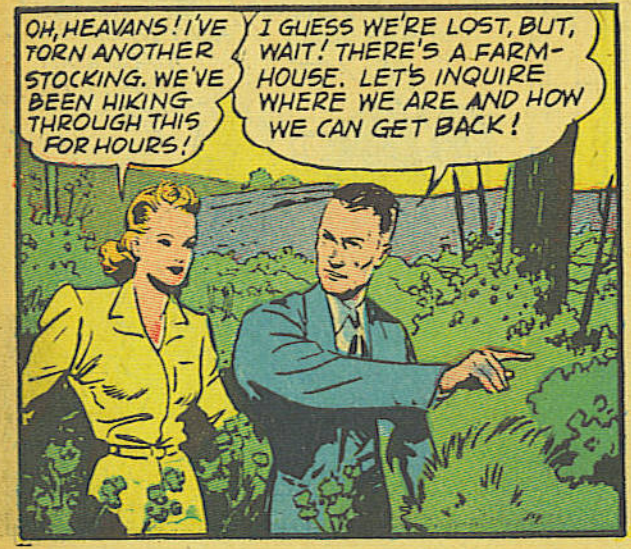
THE LEOPARD MAY NOT CHANGE IT'S SPOTS, BUT BY THE SIMPLE PROCESS OF DONNING THE SACRED ROBE OF THE MANCHUS, LEE CHING, OTHERWISE A HARMLESS IMPORTER IN NEW YORK CITY, BECOMES THE FEARED AND FORMIDABLE "MAGIC MANDARIN." TO FULFILL HIS PURPOSE OF EXTERMINATING THE WHITE RACE, HE EMPLOYS A DYNAMIC STONE OF MAGNETIC POWER INHERITED FROM HIS ANCESTORS. HIS OPPONENT IS SMASH DAWSON, CORRESPONDENT FOR THE N.Y. RECORD.





THE INTERIOR OF A DRAB FARMHOUSE IN NEW YORK.



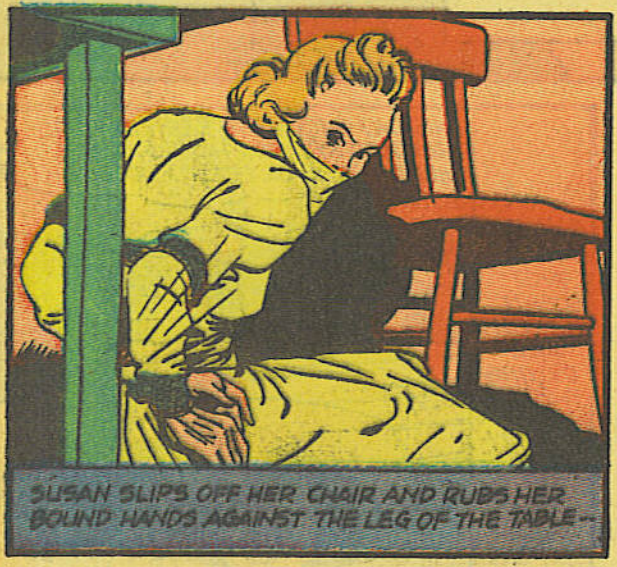


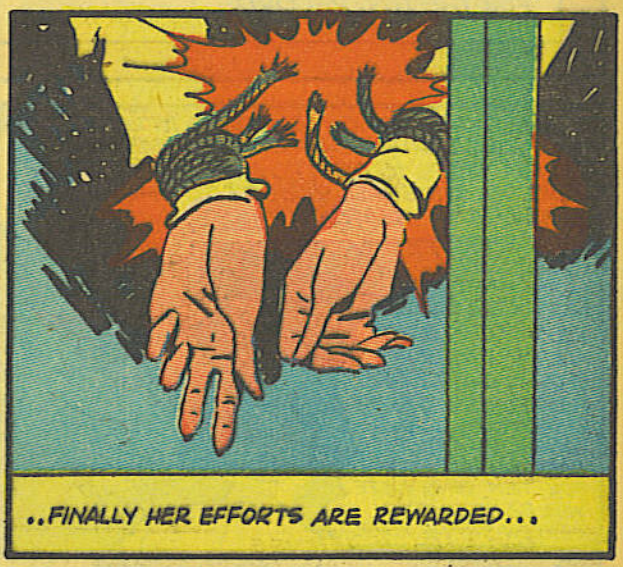


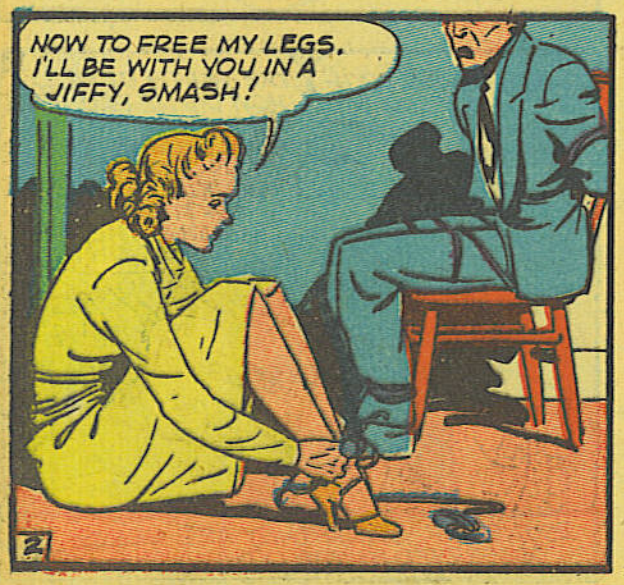
AS THEY APPROACH THEY ARE BEING OBSERVED BY THE OCCUPANTS ---

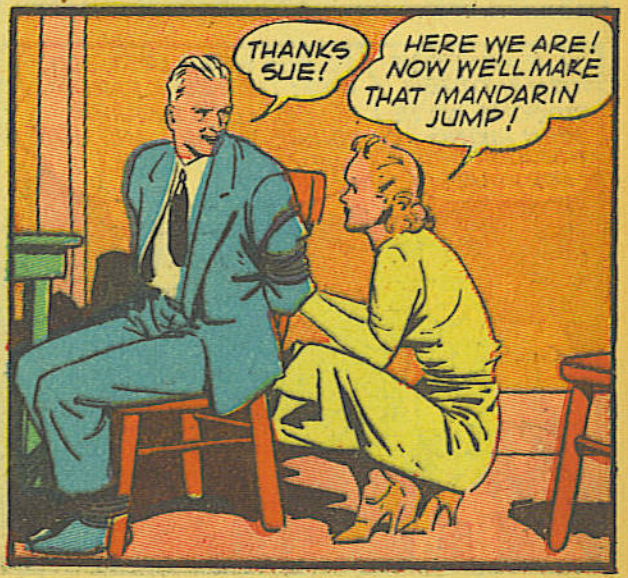

AFTER KNOCKING AND HAVING NO RESPONSE THEY FIND THE DOOR OPEN AND ---TO THEIR SURPRISE----


SO WE MEET AGAIN? WHAT ARE YOU UP TO THIS TIME?
I HAVE NO TIME FOR EXPLANATIONS TO YOU-- NOW THAT YOU ARE BOUND SECURELY ENOUGH TO STIFLE YOUR CRIES, I CAN GO!
THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CROTON WATER SUPPLY IS MY GOAL- YOU FOOLS CANNOT STOP ME NOW!

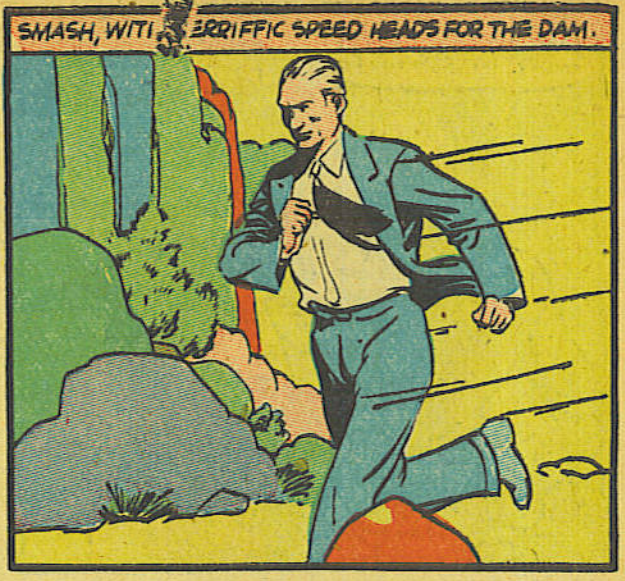

SUSAN SLIPS OFF HER CHAIR AND RUBS HER BOUND HANDS AGAINST THE LEG OF THE TABLE--


..FINALLY HER EFFORTS ARE REWARDED...

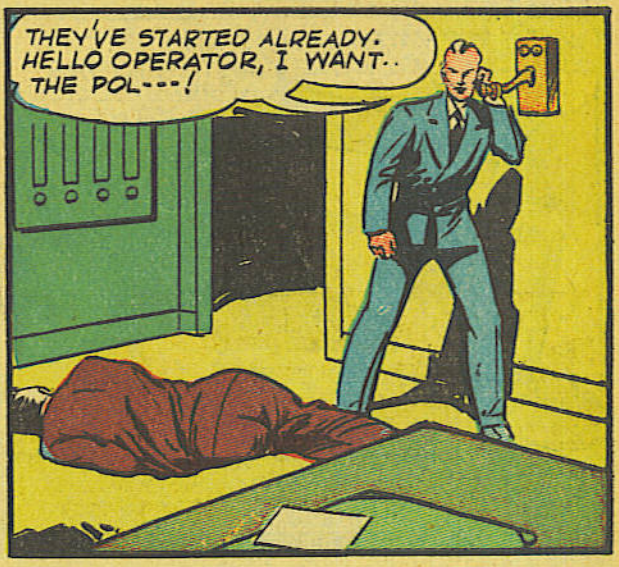

NOW TO FREE MY LEGS. I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A JIFFY, SMASH!
2

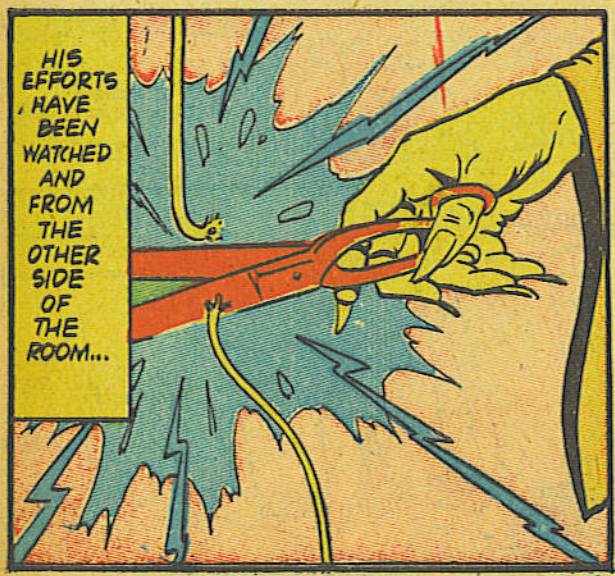

THANKS SUE!
HERE WE ARE! NOW WE'LL MAKE THAT MANDARIN JUMP!

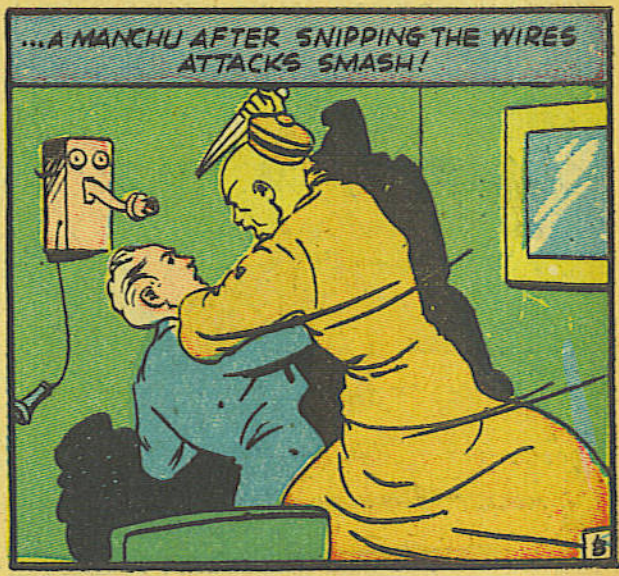

YOU STAY HERE AND STOP THE FIRST CAR COMING ALONG. GET THE POLICE! I'M HEADING FOR THE DAM!

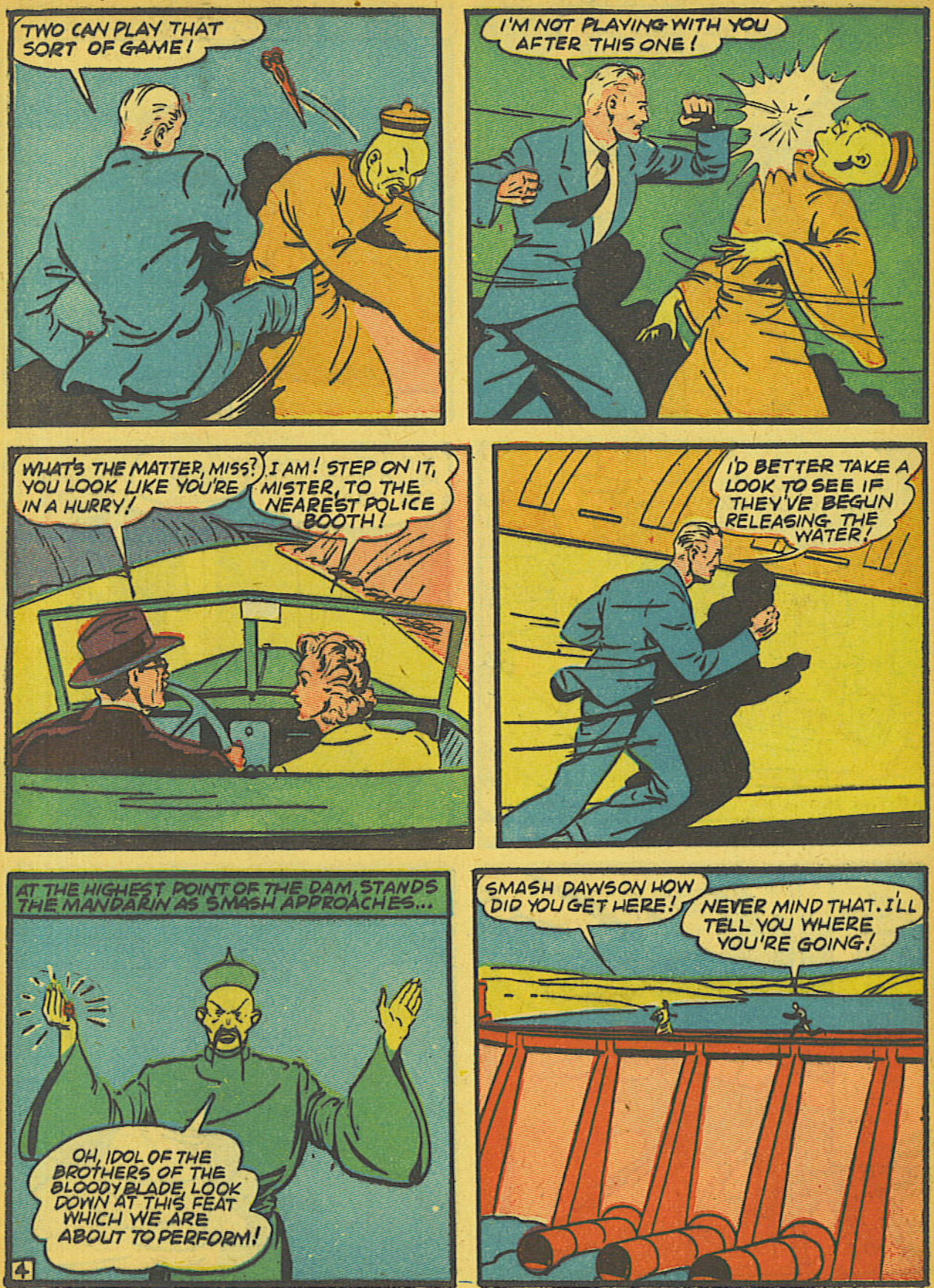

SMASH, WITH TERRIFFIC SPEED HEADS FOR THE DAM.


I HOPE THAT I'M NOT TOO LATE TO DO SOME GOOD AND STOP THOSE DEVILS!
-- AND FINALLY ARRIVES


THEY'VE STARTED ALREADY. HELLO OPERATOR, I WANT.. THE POL---!


HIS EFFORTS HAVE BEEN WATCHED AND FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM...

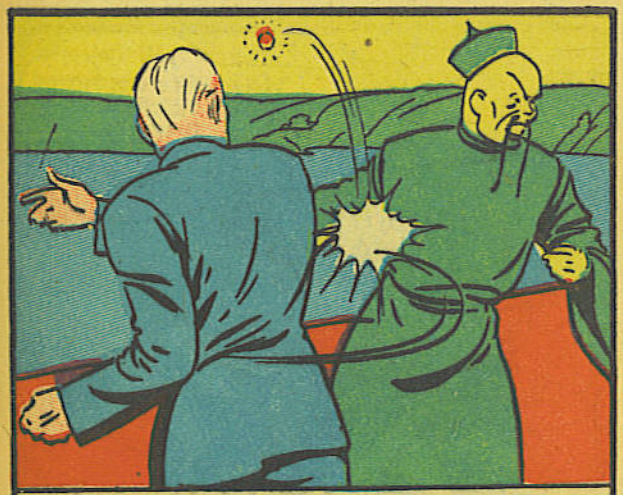

...A MANCHU AFTER SNIPPING THE WIRES ATTACKS SMASH!
5


TWO CAN PLAY THAT SORT OF GAME!
I'M NOT PLAYING WITH YOU AFTER THIS ONE!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, MISS? YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'RE IN A HURRY!
I AM! STEP ON IT, MISTER, TO THE NEAREST POLICE BOOTH!
I'D BETTER TAKE A LOOK TO SEE IF THEY'VE BEGUN RELEASING THE WATER!
AT THE HIGHEST POINT OF THE DAM, STANDS THE MANDARIN AS SMASH APPROACHES...
OH, IDOL OF THE BROTHERS OF THE BLOODY BLADE, LOOK DOWN AT THIS FEAT WHICH WE ARE ABOUT TO PERFORM!
SMASH DAWSON HOW DID YOU GET HERE!
NEVER MIND THAT. I'LL TELL YOU WHERE YOU'RE GOING!
4



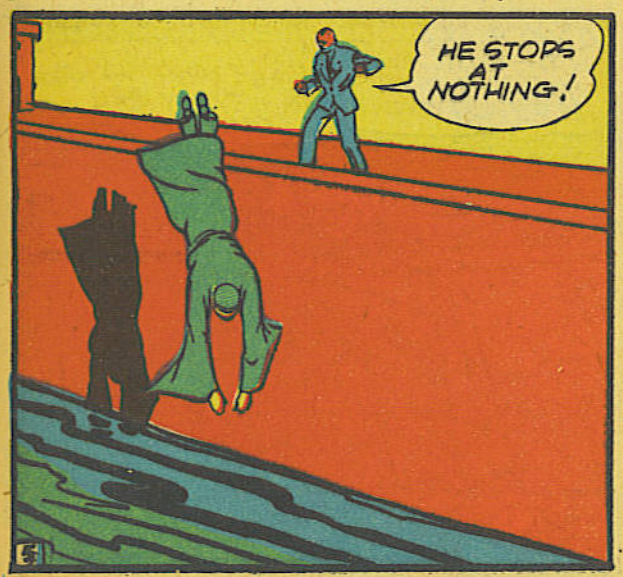
SMASH TRIES TO STRIKE HIM, BUT THE MAGIC MANDARIN SURROUNDS HIMSELF WITH AN INVISIBLE ELECTRIC RAY.





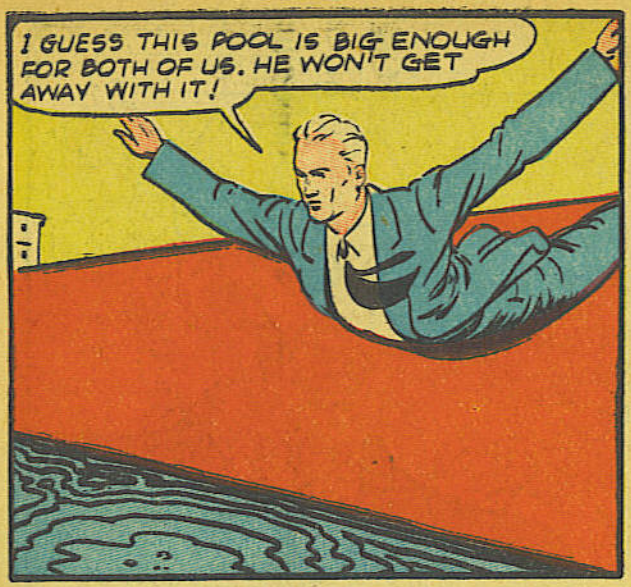
AS THE MANDARIN TURNS HIS HEAD, SMASH HURLS THE LOADSTONE FROM HIS HAND.

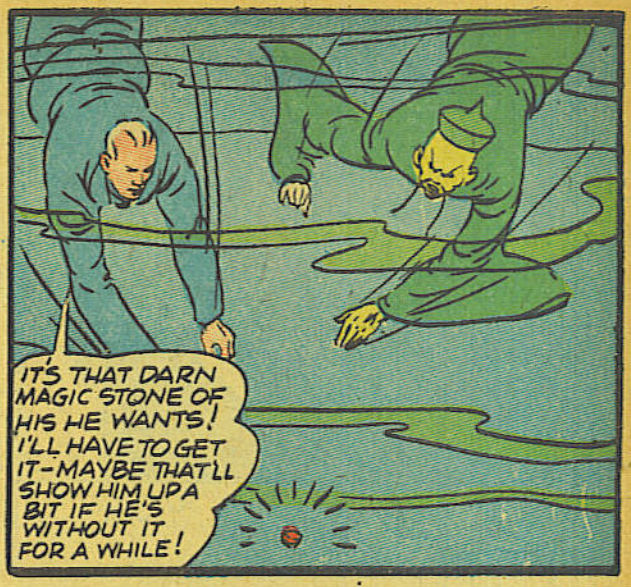


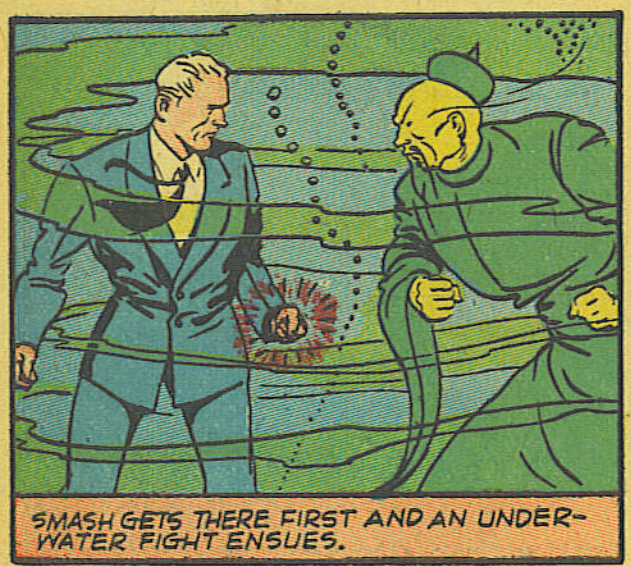


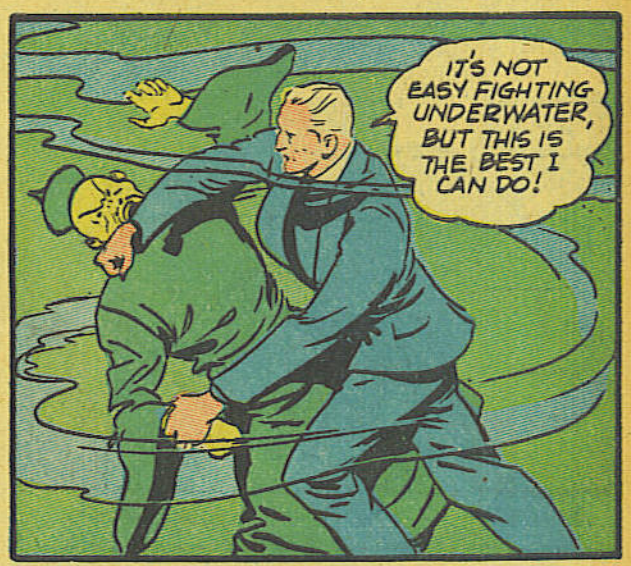


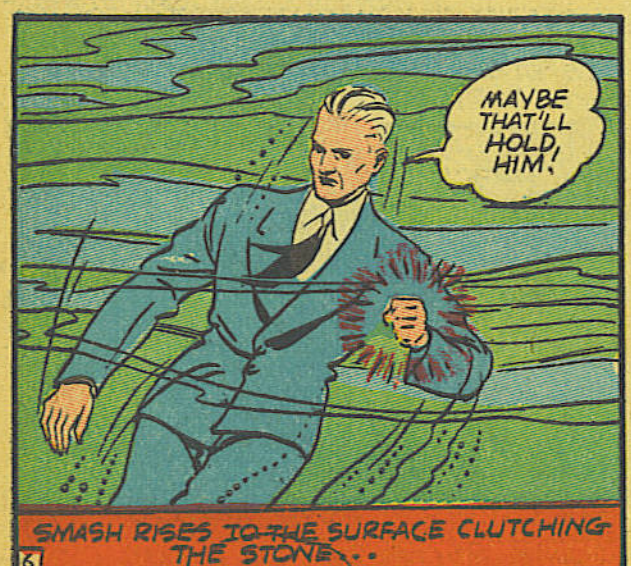
MEANWHILE IN THE CONTROL ROOM!



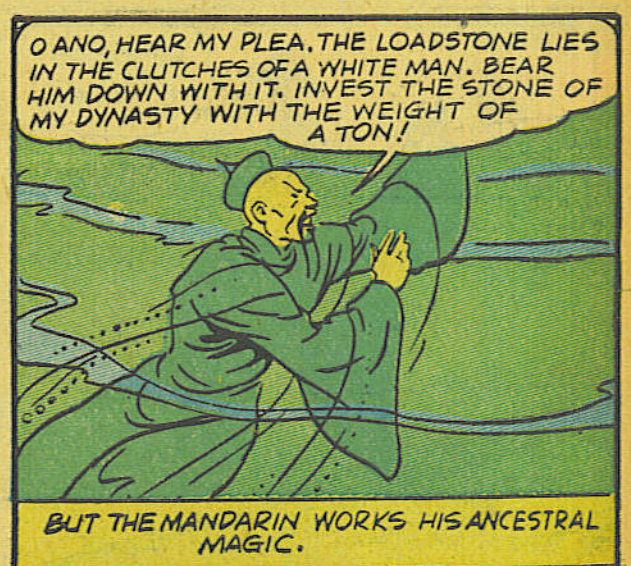



SMASH GETS THERE FIRST AND AN UNDER-WATER FIGHT ENSUES.

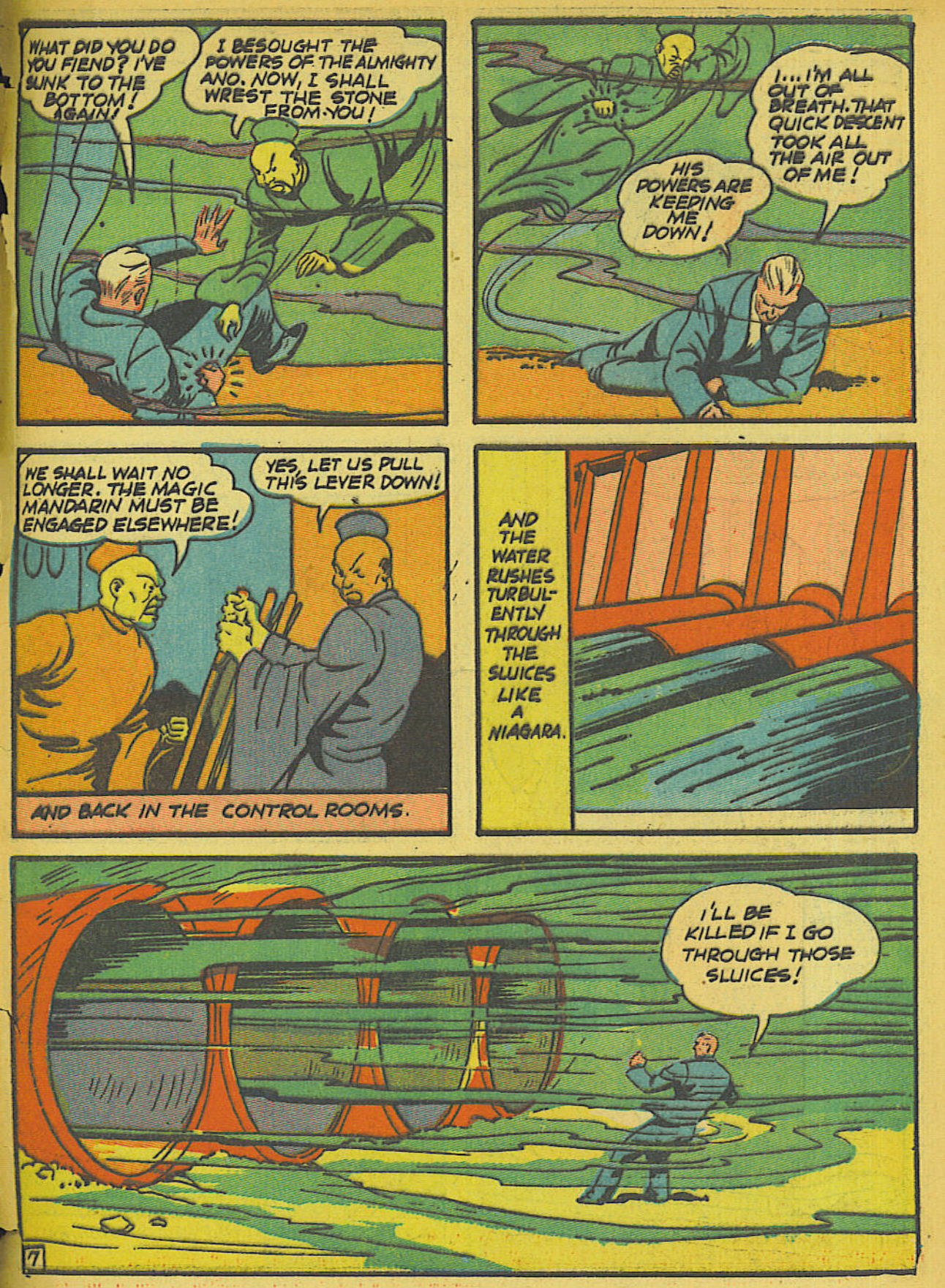


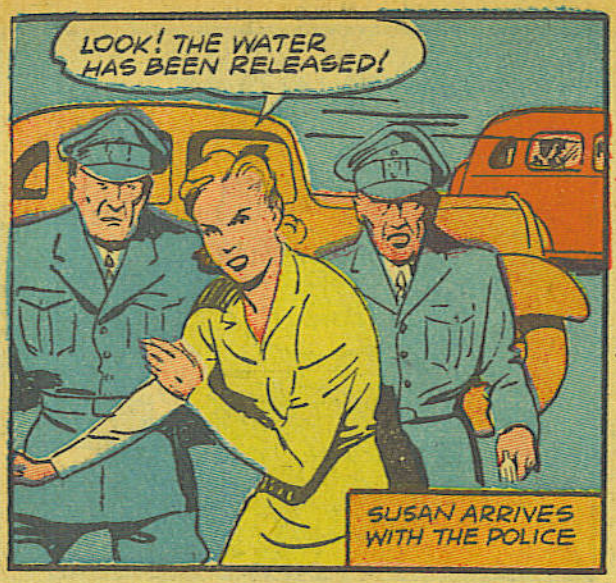


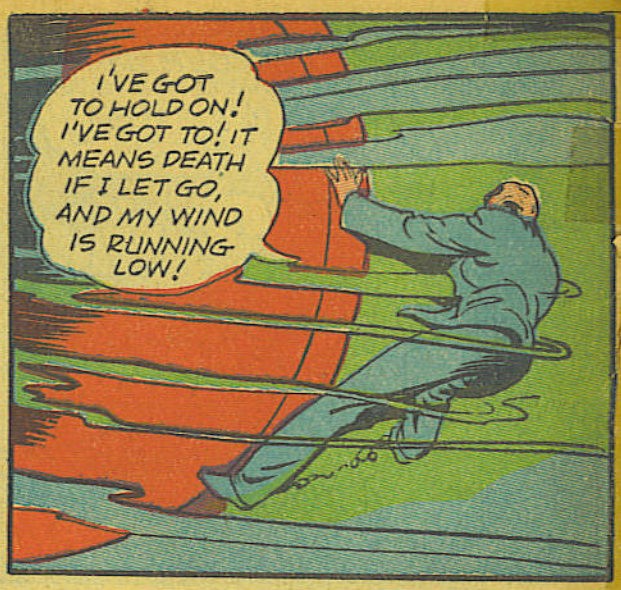
SMASH RISES TO THE SURFACE CLUTCHING THE STONE...

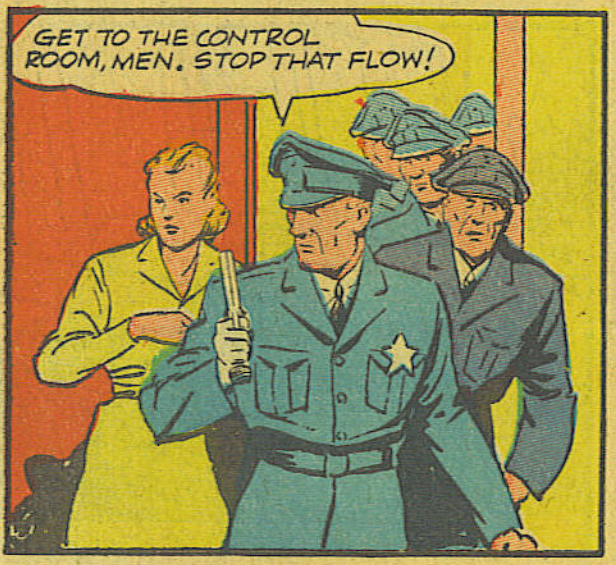


BUT THE MANDARIN WORKS HIS ANCESTRAL MAGIC.

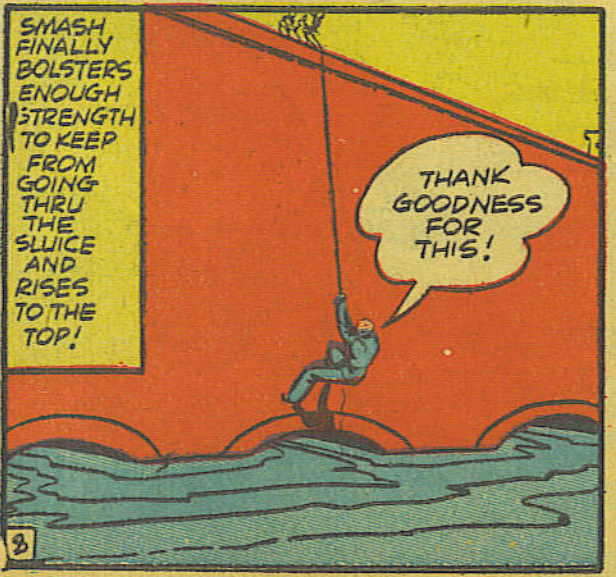

WHAT DID YOU DO YOU FIEND? I'VE SUNK TO THE BOTTOM! AGAIN!
I BESOUGHT THE POWERS OF THE ALMIGHTY AND. NOW, I SHALL WREST THE STONE FROM YOU!
I... I'M ALL OUT OF BREATH. THAT QUICK DESCENT TOOK ALL THE AIR OUT OF ME!
HIS POWERS ARE KEEPING ME DOWN!
WE SHALL WAIT NO LONGER. THE MAGIC MANDARIN MUST BE ENGAGED ELSEWHERE!
YES, LET US PULL THIS LEVER DOWN!
AND BACK IN THE CONTROL ROOMS.
AND THE WATER RUSHES TURBULENTLY THROUGH THE SLUICES LIKE A NIAGARA.
I'LL BE KILLED IF I GO THROUGH THOSE SLUICES!
7


LOOK! THE WATER HAS BEEN RELEASED!
SUSAN ARRIVES WITH THE POLICE


I'VE GOT TO HOLD ON! I'VE GOT TO! IT MEANS DEATH IF I LET GO, AND MY WIND IS RUNNING LOW!


GET TO THE CONTROL ROOM, MEN. STOP THAT FLOW!


ALLRIGHT YOU HEATHENS! REACH FOR THE SKY!
THIS GUN WILL INTERPRET WHAT I MEAN IF YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND ENGLISH!


SMASH FINALLY BOLSTERS ENOUGH STRENGTH TO KEEP FROM GOING THRU THE SLUICE AND RISES TO THE TOP!
THANK GOODNESS FOR THIS!
3


WE'VE GOT TO GET SOME DRY CLOTHES FOR YOU!
GET ME A TELEPHONE FIRST. I MUST CALL THE RECORD TO GIVE THEM THIS STORY. I WONDER WHETHER THE MAGIC MANDARIN WENT THROUGH THE SLUICES OR SURVIVED. IF HE DID HE STILL HAS THAT DEADLY STONE!
AND SO ENDS ANOTHER CHAPTER OF SMASH DAWSON.


No. 3
10¢
WHIRLWIND
COMICS
SEPTEMBER
SCOOP HANLON
WINGS BORDON
MAGIC MANDARIN
BRUCE BARLOW